Burying Communism *The Editors*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

January 25, 1964, 35 cents

The Squeezed Orange

Report on One Failure in Panama

Murray Kempton

Romney Gone Bust —*Charles A. Ferry*

Goldwater's Gap —*Raymond D. Senter*

Lettering in Art —*Frank Getlein*

More about Wapshots —*Hilary Corke*

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Filibuster Coming Up?

★ Southern Senators seem to be convinced that they can talk the civil rights bill to death when it reaches them. To overcome a filibuster the Senate needs two-thirds of those present and voting. If all 100 Senators vote it will take 34 to defeat cloture. Probably a few Senators will be absent, but in general the segregationists need about 34 votes and they think they have them.

Here we are, face to face with a constitutional crisis. The crisis has been coming nearer and nearer for a long time now, and we have kept on looking the other way. Not much longer! The civil rights battle dominated all last session of the 88th Congress; more than anything else it explained the very poor performance of the session in a quiet sit-down strike of Southern committee chairmen. Now the thing accelerates to its unknown climax – in a few months – a few weeks almost – and we are not emotionally prepared for it. A filibuster kill civil rights, you say? – unthinkable! Well, you had better start thinking about it right away.

The organization master-minding the anti-civil rights battle is the Coordinating Committee for Fundamental American Freedoms, Inc., with offices right across from the Capitol. The director is John J. Synon, former vice president of the public relations firm Selvage and Lee, and one-time executive secretary of former Governor Goodwin Knight of California. The brains of the outfit is John Satterfield, secretary-treasurer, Mississippi segregationist and head of the American Bar Association, 1961-62. Ten years ago his name appeared as president of the Circuit Riders, Inc., a group fighting "Socialism and Communism and all other anti-American teachings in the Methodist Church."

This lobby group, as required by law, listed its expenditures in the quarter ending September 30 with the clerk of the House. They were $22,000 of which $20,000 came from the Mississippi State Sovereignty Commission. This is state taxpayers' money sent to Washington to lobby against Negro rights. Mr. Synon told a reporter last August, "We are being supported primarily by the various sovereignty commissions of the Southern states."

The president of the Committee for Fundamental American Freedoms, Inc., is William Loeb, publisher of the far right, Goldwater-supporting Manchester, N.H. *Union-Leader*, and the vice president is James Kilpatrick, editor of the Richmond *News Leader*, quoted by *Time* magazine as believing the Negro "is fundamentally and perhaps unalterably inferior."

In filing his own return as lobbyist, Mr. Satterfield named the Mississippi Sovereignty Commission and also the FAF group. He received $6,000 for the quarter and $1,500 for expenses.

Legislative Timetable

★ The mind rejects the idea that the US government can't govern, that Congress can't legislate, that the bottled-up violence of the civil rights revolution will be allowed to explode in hatred and turmoil all over the country because a Senate majority isn't able to bring a bill to a vote. Maybe the mind rejects it, but that is the way things are headed.

The timetable is likely to run something like this: the House Rules Committee will send the pending bill to the floor around February 1; the House will approve it, and by every present prospect overwhelmingly, by mid-February or early March. Then the bill goes to the conservative Senate Judiciary Committee headed by Jim Eastland (D, Miss.). Probably the committee will be ordered to report in a fortnight or so.

Maybe the segregationists can jockey the tax bill into position to delay an immediate Senate showdown on civil rights, but the greater likelihood is that the Senate floor fight will start fairly promptly, say in April.

And then comes the showdown. Messrs. Synon and Satterfield make no doubt that a filibuster is ahead; the test comes on whether Southern segregationists, Goldwater conservatives, and small state Senators who cherish the filibuster as strongly as the Southerners, can muster 34 votes. Segregationist leaders here are quietly confident. "We have the votes," they say.

So what happens when government can't govern? Well, of course, you try for a compromise – a watered-down bill. Maybe you get it; we don't know. But we suggest these difficulties:

The Negroes have been waiting 100 years for this minute, and the present responsible leaders are just barely able to hold their angry followers in check; the docile March on Washington of last August will have grimmer overtones if repeated during an actual filibuster.

We believe that the Satterfield-Synon zealots are even more opposed to compromise than the Negro leaders. They are in quite a different category from bumbling Senatorial conservatives like Everett Dirksen (R, Ill.), who would "compromise" by simply dropping the accommodation feature of the measure (even though some think it the heart of the bill). That step wouldn't satisfy Mr. Satterfield, according to his statements. He believes the present bill is "permeated" with diabolical features, one section as bad as the next, and all directed toward creating a dictatorial state. "The truth is," he writes, "two or three wildly extreme proposals have been tightened into one extreme 'compromise'." The time to stop the drive is now, he feels; block this bill and it won't come up again for 5 or 10 years.

Johnson's Choice

★ So finally, we ask, what will President Johnson do? If he is caught in the kind of a bind that now seems shaping up, just before an election, with his fate at stake, we frankly do not see how he could go very far toward a "compromise," although his instinct might point that way. He would deplore passion, of course, and urge both sides to be reasonable and patriotic; but he has backed the bill in his State of the Union message, and we do not see how he could yield very much now and hope to carry the industrial North. He might lose the South and still win the election, but he couldn't lose the North and win.

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Burying Communism

The Central Intelligence Agency is all set to bury the Soviet Union as a serious competitor in the various international races that are run as part of the Cold War Olympics. Russia's gold reserves have dwindled and its rate of economic growth is said to have suddenly become stunted, no doubt from over-indulgence in ideological vodka. This could put the Russians permanently out of the armaments race and the space race, as well as disqualifying them as *bona fide* contestants for the political favors of underdeveloped countries that hope to get foreign aid. Indeed, as CIA spokesmen see it, the Soviet Union itself is now in need of foreign aid, in the form of long-term export credits extended by the industrialized West. Some very powerful men in Washington plainly hope that these will be denied the Russians, who are to be fed just sufficient surplus American wheat to keep them fit enough to ward off the Chinese, but otherwise are to be taught by stern privations how presumptuous it was of them to challenge their betters to an economic duel. As Marx stood Hegel on his head, so the CIA is triumphantly reversing the jubilant statement that was made by Mao Tse-tung in 1957, after the launching of the first Sputnik, that "the East wind is prevailing over the West wind." It seems that Mao Tse-tung and Khrushchev both blew until they cracked their cheeks, but now have no wind left to speak of.

Prudent economists have cast some cautious doubts on the accuracy of the CIA's figures illustrating the slowdown of Soviet economic growth. But the Russians' own anguished cries of denial, and also some very revealing previous Soviet admissions of economic setbacks, suggest that the CIA's diagnosis may well be near to the truth. If so, it does not follow that the CIA's opinion as to what should be done about it is correct. In fact, to accept it would be to repeat old follies. President Johnson's dictum is more up to date: the US will not be buried, but also is not out to bury anyone else. Mr. Khrushchev himself never tires of the tale of how the encircling capitalists made such earnest attempts to strangle the Bolshevik Revolution that they taught the Bolsheviks how to endure and to be tough. The "hostile imperialists" also rallied the Russian people to their strange new rulers as hardly anything else could have done, and this is the story of nearly every other country – including the young American Republic – to which this sort of foreign stranglehold has been applied. To hope to topple or tame Castro by some kind of economic *cordon sanitaire* is probably silly. Solemnly to propose the same treatment for the Soviet

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Union is pure March hare.

The proper job today of the advanced non-Communist countries, notably the United States, is not to try to hold down the economic rate of growth of Russia or of any other Communist country, but to use every opportunity to encourage interchange and interdependence between the Soviet bloc and the West. It is in this sense, and along those lines, that the US and its allies ought now to be probing and testing the intentions of the Soviet Union and the other Warsaw Pact countries. Political price-tags probably cannot, and should not, be attached to any negotiations regarding trade and credits. Nevertheless, the US and Western Europe can reasonably expect the Communist countries to give evidence of good intentions before proceeding too far with unfreezing trade. The crucial point is that a stage has been reached where the US is running little risk by attempting a reassessment of its trade and credit policies. Indeed, whatever our wishes, the West Europeans (including the Germans) have already gone ahead long since with expanded trade with the Soviet bloc.

The Soviet Union has been threatening for over 40 years to catch up with the United States in 15; yet if Russia were quite improbably to double its output in the next decade, its production in 1974 would still be less than America's was in 1962. In military defense, the US has a tremendous lead, which the Russians, according to Defense Secretary McNamara, have despaired of challenging. They – and the Chinese – have to buy food abroad, because both countries have suffered severe crop failures. Even in normal times, four-fifths of the 700 million Chinese are kept busy trying but usually failing to grow sufficient food. A Russian farmer grows only enough to feed five or six people, while an American farmer grows enough to feed 25 other people as well as himself.

It is also pretty clear that Russia's high rate of industrial growth in the Fifties owed a good deal to so much urgency being attached to a rather crude expansion of heavy industries, at the expense of almost everything else. Even Soviet economists did not expect that the very fast, forced pace of coal, steel and cement production could, or should, be continued indefinitely. But what seems to have happened is that a slowdown has occurred, partly because of the agricultural difficulties, but also because of the Communists' failure to develop anything like a mass-market basis for the production of consumer goods. Mr. Khrushchev is conscious of this deficiency, and would like to remedy it; but he is prevented from doing so in any satisfactory degree, not just because of what may be his commitments to armaments and to space, but because the fast growth of the heavy industries was apparently achieved by keeping consumers short and by cheating on allocations to agriculture and to housing. Now, *these* deficiencies have to be met; and it is the experience of capitalist economies that investments in farming and in housing tend to be unglamorous in their impacts on the rate of over-all economic growth.

These Communist disappointments may help to end the myth that Communism, though ruthless, is at least efficient and offers the world's underdeveloped countries a short-cut to a rapid increase in production. Since most of those countries are heavily agricultural, the Communists' setbacks in agriculture ought to be particularly telling, especially as Poland and Yugoslavia both abandoned doctrinaire Communist farming methods and turned "collectives" back into private farms as soon as they got the chance, and have done very much better in their agriculture ever since.

But the question is not how the undeveloped countries will react to the Communist slowdown, but how the US and the other advanced countries ought to react. And to this question the CIA returns a counter-productive answer. The US, however, cannot afford to be negative: to blame the Panama crisis on "Castroites" for instance was like pointing out excitedly that water that has been allowed to be polluted for years contains microbes. Washington ought now to react positively to a Communist challenge that on the whole is wilting. Magnanimity and self-confidence are now the virtues that promise the longest dividends. Now is the time to try to turn the flank of the Cold War. If the US and its allies do a reasonably good job tending their own economic growth rates, the chances are that these rates will, during this decade at least, exceed those of the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe. Example counts, and the US can improve its own economic performance by waging vigorously the war on poverty and its ally, ignorance, that Mr. Johnson has declared. Abroad, the US can set about organizing a peaceful and progressive world community, not by restricting trade with the Communist countries but by expanding world trade, and working with other advanced countries to help the less developed countries to make desperately needed gains in their rates of growth.

Ministry of Information

President Johnson did not "order" the Central Intelligence Agency to give newsmen a briefing (at its headquarters) about the Soviet economic performance. He permitted the Agency to present its controversial assessment; the initiative was CIA's. One may speculate why permission was granted. If the Soviet growth rate has suddenly dropped in the last two years from 6 or 10 percent to 2.5 percent, the Khrushchev model of development might appear less attractive to countries struggling to catch up with the industrialized West. The

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"news" might also be useful in the coming political campaign: in 1960, a telling Democratic argument was that during the eight Eisenhower years, the Soviet economy was expanding at a faster clip than ours; there was a "growth-gap." If the CIA evaluation is right, that gap has been closed; the Russians are doing as badly as we. It is possible, too, that the President may have been sympathetic to Director John A. McCone's concern about his agency's poor public image; why not let it be the bearer of glad tidings.

Accepting the reliability of the CIA estimates, the question of propriety remains. Congress never intended that CIA set itself up as an instructor to the American public. By summoning 20 journalists to be briefed, the Agency assumes a mission not heretofore assigned it; it becomes a Voice to America.

This curious publicity venture suggests that Mr. McCone may have an imprecise appreciation of his role. It has been traditional in Western democracies that Directors of Intelligence should never be Ministers of Information (or Misinformation). They should be seen and heard only in private. Mr. McCone's predecessor, Allen Dulles, believed that "information gathered by intelligence services is of little use unless it gets into the hands of its consumers, the *policymakers*" (italics added). The consumers of CIA data are not – or were not meant to be – the general public, but the President and his advisers. The distinction is essential. CIA has vast prestige and even vaster sums of hidden assets at its disposal. It has an estimated annual budget of between $500 million and $1 billion. Its books are not open either to the General Accounting Office or to regular Congressional scrutiny. "The scope of CIA operations," Harry Howe Ransom pointed out in his book, *Central Intelligence and National Security*, "is to a large extent self-determined." The slightest suggestion that this power is being used to engineer public consent within the United States is alarming.

NEXT WEEK: *Jean Daniel reports from Paris on French recognition of Peking in '64*

Naming a Successor

Mr. Truman has said that his main reason for asking Congress in 1947 to remove the Secretary of State from his then place as first in the line of succession after the Vice President was that Mr. Truman did not think it right that a President should have the power to name his own successor. That is an insufficient excuse for the equally bad succession law that Mr. Truman and the 80th Congress endowed us with. Yet there is enough in Mr. Truman's feelings to confirm us in our view that election of an interim Vice President by Congress, perhaps from a list of nominees submitted by the President, and in any event subject to his veto, is a more suitable system than that proposed by Senator Birch Bayh (D, Indiana).

Senator Bayh, who ably defends his proposal in his letter in this issue, would have the President name a new Vice President in the event of a vacancy such as we are now experiencing, subject to confirmation by Congress. What is needed, however, is a method of selection that comes as close as possible to expressing a national mandate. For if a second misfortune should cause the interim Vice President to occupy the White House, he should feel that he has, and should generally be felt to have, a national mandate. It is difficult to imagine that a man could function adequately as President otherwise. Congress and the President, deriving from their differently weighted constituencies and acting in concert, provide the only means we have for expressing a national will between Presidential elections. Their customary method of acting together – the process followed in enacting statutes – is preferable, for it gives an interim Vice President the greatest possible appearance and sense of legitimacy.

Senator Bayh's letter also restates his view in favor of reforming and completing the law of Presidential succession by Constitutional Amendment rather than legislation. There is force in his point that on a question of this magnitude, the inflexibility of a Constitutional provision may have its advantages. Yet any preexisting provision will ensure stability in the moment of crisis; and as we are now learning, legislation of this sort is not easily or lightly changed and has in any event a certain constitutional quality. But legislation *can* be changed, and there is at least the possibility of changing it in time to meet a current problem. We share with Senator Bayh the feeling that ultimate wisdom has not quite been attained on the problem of Presidential succession or on the related problem of Presidential disability. Nothing that has been put forward is entirely satisfactory. Greater wisdom may come in time, and we should leave ourselves rope to act on it by acting now through legislation rather than Constitutional Amendments.

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Wheat for Sale

The Commerce Department has granted license for the sale of $284 million in wheat to the Russians; but these are only "hunting" permits, enabling dealers to search for business. The sole deal that has been made so far, by Continental Grain Co. of New York for about $90 million, was concluded only after the Agriculture Department provided an abnormally large, $25 million subsidy. It had been somewhat vaguely supposed that part of the subsidy would help Continental to meet shipping costs so that American vessels could transport half the cargo. Rates on US ships are about twice what foreign-operated ships charge. Much of the ballyhoo over wheat sales to the Russians was that they would provide business for American shipping.

However, if Continental is unable to find American ships, the Commerce Department's rules permit it to seek a waiver from the Maritime Administration; and Continental would save money by using foreign carriers. American shippers are now complaining that Continental is forcing them out of the market by imposing on them onerous conditions, such as reducing a ship's draft from 33 feet to 31 feet, which reduces the cargo and cuts revenues. It is said that Russian harbors will only accommodate ships of 33-foot draft or less, but the owners of the giant 54-foot draft *SS Manhattan* cargo vessel previously had been in direct negotiations with the Russians for hauling grain. The Russians felt the *Manhattan* could call at their ports.

The whole business has been further complicated by the apparent decision of the Commerce Department to take the work of hauling US surplus grains around the world under the PL-480 program away from the dozen or so huge American flag vessels that habitually handle it, in order to free the big ships for carrying wheat to Russia. This would hand the PL-480 trade over to small US tramp ships, which would please both them and the longshoremen, who get more work from loading the more numerous small ships. The big ships are thus caught in a pinch. Continental and presumably other grain dealers seem to want to avoid using them; and the Department of Commerce seems to be shutting them out of their usual business.

"The Dough Doesn't Seem To Be Rising."

Why Stop Smoking?

Cigarette smoking is a classic predicament of modern man that throws eerie light on other evils besides lung cancer. You can be a two-packs-a-day man (or woman) for upwards of 30 years without any especially alarming symptoms. So people who want to go on smoking cigarettes get around the grisly statistics and grislier descriptions of the disease by telling themselves either that there is still plenty of time to stop, or that it's too late for them to bother.

This suggests that the problem is on all fours with such phenomena as soil erosion, traffic congestion, and war itself. Unless a threat is both enormous and immediate, the chances are that people will not do anything effective about it. If it is only a statistical menace, meaning that a given number of people will surely be ruined or will die but that nobody can foretell who the actual victims will be, the chances of almost total apathy setting in become quadrupled. So we get dust-bowls, frightful traffic death-rates, mounting deaths from lung cancer, and wars that destroy civilizations and murder millions. We refuse to believe the future can ever really catch up with us.

So far as smoking is concerned, the US is now trailing a year behind Britain, and the British experience is not encouraging. A report of the Royal College of Physicians listing cigarettes as a primary cause of lung cancer got enormous publicity, much of it put out by the British government. For a while, sales of cigarettes fell. But now they are back at the peak.

The British cut down on cigarette advertising, including television commercials. But the government failed to act on a suggestion to cut the taxes on cigars

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and on pipe tobacco, so as to encourage a switch away from cigarettes. Tobacco taxes in Britain pay the annual cost of the National Health Service – which is enough to make an undertaker laugh – and in the US are said to yield the federal and state governments over $3 billion a year. The inference from the British experience is that restricting the amount of cigarette advertising would have little or no real effect. Would it help to make cigars and pipe-smoking relatively cheap, and make cigarettes so costly that only the rich could afford to sentence themselves to death by lung cancer? Very likely it would, since it is probably less painful for addicts to switch to a slightly different form of drug, and one that happens to be considerably less dangerous, than to cut out smoking altogether.

Some attempts will be made to shoo away the monster that has billowed up like a smoky genie from the Surgeon General's report put out by the Public Health Service. Cigarette manufacturers may be compelled to state on their packs the amounts of tar and nicotine their smokes contain. Much good that will do: who bothers to read the fine print on cigarette packs, and why should it faze addicts who can actually be enticed into a drug habit, not repelled from it, by advertising which states that the best cigarette is the one that contains bits of charcoal? Perhaps we all need more time to give up smoking cigarettes, which only became really popular about 60 years ago. It has taken that long for us to find out that the habit causes lung cancer. But about six times as many men die of it, because women began smoking cigarettes much later than men. Give it another 30 years or so, and the numbers of both men and women dying of lung cancer and other diseases caused by cigarette smoking may be enough to alarm more of us into giving it up.

American Schools Abroad

The American schools in the Canal Zone that precipitated the crisis with Panama seem to be the exact opposites of the usual American school abroad. The latter is very friendly to other nationalities; the Canal Zone schools sound arrogant and jingoistic. There are about 350 American schools abroad, in Latin America, Asia, Africa and Europe; and they try hard to break down national and racial barriers. One, in Venezuela, is attended by children of 30 nationalities; the American school in Japan has 33 nationalities, and flies both the American and the United Nations flag. Most of the American schools abroad are happy to benefit from the work of the United Nations Economic and Social Council; for example, from UNESCO's studies of new teaching methods.

Over 100 of the American schools abroad are non-profit, non-religious affiliated institutions that accept all nationalities and are eligible for assistance from the State Department, which helps with teachers' pay, books and equipment; the Department also provides scholarships for children who are citizens of the foreign country in which the particular American school is situated. Most of the other 250 schools are religious-affiliated, therefore cannot have State Department aid, but do have non-American students. All 350 schools use the global umbrella of the International Schools Services Inc., formerly called the International Schools Foundation. The ISS has a contract with the Bureau of Educational and Cultural Affairs of the State Department, and it also assists the religious schools, through its funds from private sources, by recruiting qualified American teachers who are willing to serve abroad.

The Colegia Nueva Granada school in Bogota, Colombia, illustrates the kind of things the American school abroad can do to improve relations between countries. American and Colombian high-school girls attending Nueva Granada voluntarily act as pupil-teachers to younger Colombian children, many of whom never attended any school before. The high-school girls sought them out by going from hut to hut, in the hills above Bogota, and persuading the grown-ups to allow the children to take daily classes in reading, writing, arithmetic and hygiene.

FOREIGN REPORT

SPAIN: *The Evolving Church*

★ The moment of truth has come for more than one Hispanic dictator when he has lost the goodwill of the Catholic Church. The Church is still a pillar of General Franco's rule, but it is no longer the rock-solid support of 20 or even 10 years ago. The Spanish bishops – in whose nomination and promotion the dictator has had a say since his 1941 agreement with the Vatican – are still overwhelmingly pro-Franco. But the Primate of Spain, Cardinal Pla y Deniel, once an ardent champion of the regime, is now disillusioned; in particular, he criticizes the official – and only – labor unions because they allow no scope for Catholic workers' movements.

The middle and lower clergy are divided. In November, the Benedictine Abbot of Montserrat, in Catalonia, gave an interview to *Le Monde* in which he declared, "The Spanish regime calls itself Christian but fails to respect the basic principles of Christianity. . . . Collectively, Spain's present political leaders are not Christians." This was hitting the generalissimo where it really hurt, and a few days later his propagandists

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produced a declaration by another Benedictine, the pro-Falangist Abbot of the Valley of the Fallen, near Madrid, praising the regime for its support of the Church and its distinctively Christian character. In the Basque country and Catalonia at least 60 percent of parish priests are reliably estimated to be hostile to the dictatorship; in the rest of Spain, about 20 percent.

The small but active Catholic brotherhoods for workers (HOAC) and working-class youth (JOC), which enjoy Cardinal Pla's sympathy and discreet support, are classified by officials as part of the left-wing opposition. Church-owned publications for which the ecclesiastical censorship takes responsibility, thus dispensing them from direct state control, are becoming increasingly outspoken on social issues. In the political underground, the Christian Democrats have joined the Socialists and other non-Communist opposition groups to form a "Union of Democratic Forces"; and both the leadership and the members of the left-wing "activist" *Frente de Liberación Popular* are mostly Catholic.

None of this means that eminent Churchmen are plotting General Franco's overthrow. What it does mean is that a substantial and growing body of Catholics – priests and laymen – wish to see the present administration liberalize itself as far as it can and hand over, on Franco's death or retirement, to a more or less democratic regime in which the Church would be represented by a Catholic center party and Catholic labor unions. Their attitude reflects the general liberalizing trend within the Catholic Church manifested at the Vatican Council and in such political developments as the Italian Christian Democrats' collaboration with the Socialists. It is also a sign that intelligent Spanish Catholics have learned the lesson of the 1920's and 1930's when too close an association of the Church with the political right led to anticlericalism.

The same lesson has been hammered home in recent years by the Church's own attendance statistics. Only a minority of Spaniards are today practicing Catholics. In the Basque and Catalan provinces, where most priests are known to be hostile to the regime, a high proportion of the population goes to mass. Elsewhere, the churchgoing percentage is strikingly lower, and it appears to be lowest in parishes where the political gap between priest and public is widest: in Madrid, Valencia and Saragossa, for example, fewer than 15 percent of the workers go to mass despite the advantages a certified churchgoer has over a non-churchgoer when he is in need of employment, an apartment or relief. But even in the Basque country, in the words of a confidential letter circulated by a group of Basque priests to delegates at the Vatican Council, "a great abyss has opened between the Church and the people. . . . Because of the Church's close relationship with the regime, the Church tends to be blamed for the misdeeds of the regime."

The *Comisión Episcopal de Apostolado Social* recently issued a report on a congress held under its auspices at which priests and lay social workers, presided over by the Bishop of Astorga, discussed the relationship between the political image of the Church and its appeal to the public. Priests and laymen alike stressed the need to avoid "deeds and attitudes" likely to give rise to "confusion" and lead the workers to identify the Church with Spain's present regime. They mentioned as undesirable the frequent appearance of members of the clergy with government personalities in civic and political ceremonies, and their acceptance of official posts; the "silence of the Church" in face of the violation of human rights; and the use by the Church of the term "Crusade" as a euphemism for the civil war.

These beginnings of ecclesiastical disengagement are being greeted with much more sympathy than one might have expected by the left-wing opposition. Socialist leaders in exile have welcomed "this awakening of the Christian conscience" and their weekly *El Socialista* (now edited in Toulouse and renamed *Le Socialiste* so as to evade General de Gaulle's ban on Spanish Republican journals) has published several articles on the "new Catholicism." Even the once-anarchist *Confederación Nacional del Trabajo* has agreed unblushingly to cooperate with the Basque Catholic labor movement within the Republican *Alianza sindical.*

Barely Winded at Eighty

Roger Baldwin

New York

When I visited him at his house on West Eleventh in the Village one night last week, Roger Baldwin had just put in a working day at three places: the American Civil Liberties Union, the UN and the International League for the Rights of Man. He has aged like an old waterfall. He is 80 this week – January 21 – and he is the only man in America who has professionally covered the entire modern era of civil liberties. For three decades Baldwin *was* the ACLU, which he founded in 1920. Though technically "retired" in 1950, he has remained active in its hierarchy, though he has devoted most of his activities to the International League, an organization accredited by the UN which aims to spread civil liberties around the world.

Baldwin at 80 is a monument and an eminence, hon-

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ored at dinners, awarded the Japanese government's highest civilian decoration. All this is a long way from the days he defended Wobblies, anarchists, pacifists and his old friend Norman Thomas; fought a repressive government and spent nine months of a year's sentence in federal jails for refusing to serve in World War I. Baldwin has bridged a period in our history which has seen civil liberties change from a cause for radicals and wealthy eccentrics to one which the most respectable Eastern lawyer might embrace with equanimity and without embarrassing either his social standing or the moderate wing of the Grand Old Party. In its own unique way, his career has also paralleled that of many of his generation who began by protecting the native radicals as the idealistic crusaders most of them were, praised the Russia of the Twenties as the colossus moving slowly in the right direction, participated in the United Fronts, were disillusioned by the Nazi-Soviet pact, distrusted the postwar Reds even while defending their right to exist, joined anti-Communist fronts, and now, in the Sixties, seek some *modus vivendi* with the Russians, as the first faltering hope for survival. Through it all Baldwin has led, unlike a good many of his contemporaries, an intensely public existence, with few traces of introspection, self-pity or intellectual anguish. He could see little conflict or even irony in being at one time or another a member of the Harvard Board of Overseers and the League Against Imperialism, the Audubon Society and the International Committee for Political Prisoners.

He is a highly likable man, lean and a little rumpled, with quick humor and rapid speech. He seems much nearer 60 than 80. A few nights ago, at a small dinner party in New York, Baldwin found himself among Eastern and Southern intellectuals several decades his junior. He remained the center of attention from the first with his talk about the UN, the Fifth Amendment, Clarence Darrow, Maury Maverick, Norman Thomas and the LaFollettes; he ended up by clearing the dishes off the table. When he left, presumably for bed, it was at a fast saunter.

I once asked him what he is most proud of in his years in civil liberties. "Pride," he said, "isn't one of my attributes. Either pride or disappointment or failure doesn't enter my calculations. I don't do something just because I think I'll win. It's the reformer's instinct, I suppose. It has nothing to do with doing people good. I just try to put things to rights. I tackle the things that arouse me – injustice, cruelty, unfairness." On another occasion, remarking on how the polls show a majority of Americans hostile to civil liberties, he said, "Sometimes you come out of it feeling that civil liberties hasn't got much of a chance. Yet I believe these feelings aren't representative of behavior so much, but of what people think they ought to think. People are generally against anything dissenting or upsetting. . . . The majority has rights, but they can take care of themselves. It's the new ideas, the new forces that come out of minorities, which make social progress."

Baldwin was a product of the old Progressive era, when young gentlemen of "proper breeding" turned to reform. Both his parents descended from Mayflower immigrants, and though the Boston tradition may have been in its twilight, there was enough of the residue of free-thinking and abolition to have given a young man at the turn of the century an awareness of something other than banks and finance. At Harvard, where he studied under Ralph Barton Perry and Charles Townsend Copeland, he considered himself a conservative refusing at one time to attend the lectures of Jack London, and in 1906 he was still weighing a career in business. But when he was offered a job in social work and teaching in St. Louis, he took it. For some years he headed the probation work of Juvenile Court and helped to organize the National Probation Association, the kind of work which did not especially recommend him later as a typical federal prisoner. In an atmosphere where the civic reform of the day was thriving, Baldwin moved on to head a citizens' organization for good government. His first two civil liberties cases involved defending Margaret Sanger's right to make public speeches on birth control and the demonstrations of unemployed workers during the depression of 1907 and 1908 against police prohibitions.

When the war came, he left St. Louis for New York and joined the American Union Against Militarism, which included people like Lillian Wald, Jane Addams, Norman Thomas, Max Eastman and Oswald Garrison Villard. He was soon running the Civil Liberties Bureau of that organization. "Up to then," he says, "there had been only scattered civil liberties movements: the abolitionists, the suffragettes, the Free Speech League. This was the first time the wholesale attack on civil liberties forced a non-partisan defense of the principles of the Bill of Rights of a countrywide character." In 1918 Baldwin was convicted and sentenced to a year in prison for refusing to be drafted. He told the court: "The compelling motive for refusing to comply with the draft act is my uncompromising opposition to the principle of conscription of life by the State for any purpose whatever, in time of war or peace. I not only refuse to obey the present conscription law, but I would in the future refuse to obey any similar statute which attempts to direct my choice of service and ideals. I regard the principle of conscription of life as a flat contradiction of all our cherished ideals of individual freedom, democratic liberty, and Christian teaching." A few of Baldwin's friends visited him one day in prison and found him planting tomatoes outside the walls. When the whistle blew, he shook hands hurriedly and started back. "I almost got locked out the other day," he said. After leaving prison, he worked as a laborer

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in the Midwest and a cook in a Village restaurant ("to get first-hand working class experience").

It was Baldwin's energy and courage which kept the ACLU going throughout the Twenties. He defended Upton Sinclair and striking longshoremen in California, he took obscenity cases, he was responsible for the Scopes evolution trial. In 1922, he started the International Committee for Political Prisoners, an organization which tried gamely and usually unsuccessfully to convert the bureaucracies in Russia, Italy and Germany to a more libertarian policy. During the Thirties, while defending labor pickets, Jehovah's Witnesses, and the rights of fascists, he was an active member of several United Fronts; then came the Nazi-Soviet pact – "the most shocking experience" of his life. What followed, in 1940, after considerable debate on the ACLU board and national committee, was an ousting of all anti-anti-Communists from the governing boards and staff of the organization, and thus prompted some 200 protest resignations, not all of them from fellow-travelers.

Over the years the ACLU has offended just about everybody. It has supported civil liberties for Communists, brown-shirts, racists, nudists, Senator Taft, Henry Ford, Gerald L. K. Smith and Ross Barnett. It has defended *The Merchant of Venice, Uncle Tom's Cabin* and *Ulysses*. It has angered friends by supporting more democracy within unions and by defending non-union workers; it has had a few things to say about segregation in unions. "I always felt from the beginning that you had to defend people you disliked and feared as well as those you admired," Baldwin says.

At the invitation of Generals Clay and MacArthur, he helped after World War II to establish citizens' groups to protect civil liberties in Japan and Germany. He has traveled everywhere for the UN, studying its relation to non-governmental organizations like trade unions and religious agencies. He has toured the Middle East on behalf of both Jewish and Arab refugees. For his old friend Luis Munoz Marin he supervised a comprehensive report on civil liberties in Puerto Rico, on which a number of reforms were based. But his main interest today lies in the UN's attitude to human rights. The International League for the Rights of Man supervises and organizes the activities of some 30 civil-liberties affiliates throughout the world. Recently, by applying public pressure on the King of Morocco, the League helped save the lives of several Bahai converts, members of a small sect who had been sentenced to death. There have been other successes. "We're not many," he says, "and we're not very strong, but we go after governments, we do the best we can with publicity. All this adds up to the very tiny beginnings of a system by which the UN itself would examine and process complaints and ultimately help set up a world court of human rights."

"There was a time," he says, "when the Bill of Rights was applicable only to *local* citizenship. The cities and the states, the state legislatures, the local police prevailed. The federal government didn't intervene. The significant thing that has happened since the New Deal era is that the protection of civil liberties and rights has become a national concern."

Yet one has to go out into the provinces to see just how beleaguered the ideal remains. "In the East people can afford to be a little more courageous," Baldwin says. "But there are some very lonely people throughout this country." If civil libertarians in the South, the Southwest, the Midwest (or Japan, for that matter) are a little less lonely then they were 50 years ago, they can thank their friend Mr. Baldwin.

WILLIE MORRIS

Goldwater and the "Bomber-Gap"

Abetted by Senator Goldwater and other Republicans, the US Air Force is trying desperately hard to do two seemingly inconsistent things: to get into space and to save manned military aircraft from threatened extinction. The politicians who would rather see the Air Force than the National Aeronautics and Space Agency exploiting space have been muttering about the dangers of a "military space gap." Now, Senator Goldwater hints that the Administration has also allowed a bomber-gap to develop, by placing too much emphasis on missiles that Goldwater suggests are undependable. Most of the Air Force's fretting, however, turns out on examination to be related to a job-gap: if missiles replace manned bombers and if the Air Force cannot get into space, what is going to happen to all those expensively trained air crews?

Barry Goldwater's charge this month that our long-range missiles "are not dependable," and his call for a Senate investigation when Defense Secretary Robert McNamara quickly denied the charge, can only backfire on the Arizona Senator and part-time major-general in the Air Force reserve, or else discredit top military officers in the service he loves so dearly. For if Goldwater were right, how a year ago could USAF Chief of Staff General Curtis LeMay justify asking the Senate Armed Services Committee of which Goldwater is a member for "more missiles by far than the Secretary of Defense has seen fit to give me"? And how could General LeMay repeat the same "mistake" within the past several months by asking for a 50 percent increase in the number of Minuteman ICBM's currently programmed, a request turned down by the Adminis-

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tration in favor of a more modest increase?

To understand why Goldwater made this charge during his whirlwind tour of New Hampshire, one must recall his view that the "missile-gap" issue four years ago was one of three deciding factors in the election of John F. Kennedy, as he told the National Women's Press Club in Washington several months ago. Also, as a long-time pilot, Goldwater shares the views of the "bomber generals" who hate the increasingly dominant role of the ballistic missiles.

There is this basis for skepticism about missiles: the ICBM is a new and complex weapon which has never been tested in battle. Unlike SAC bombers which can be exercised regularly in mock attacks on friendly cities, an ICBM which demonstrates its mettle at Cape Kennedy or Vandenberg Air Force Base in California is gone forever and can never be fired in anger. A successful test shot, or a dozen, can never eliminate doubts about whether an Atlas, Titan or Minuteman buried in an underground silo in Colorado, Montana or Nebraska would perform as well if the button were pushed. Despite hundreds of tons of concrete and steel designed to protect those missiles, they have never been subjected to a nearby thermonuclear explosion and then fired to see if they could hit their intended targets.

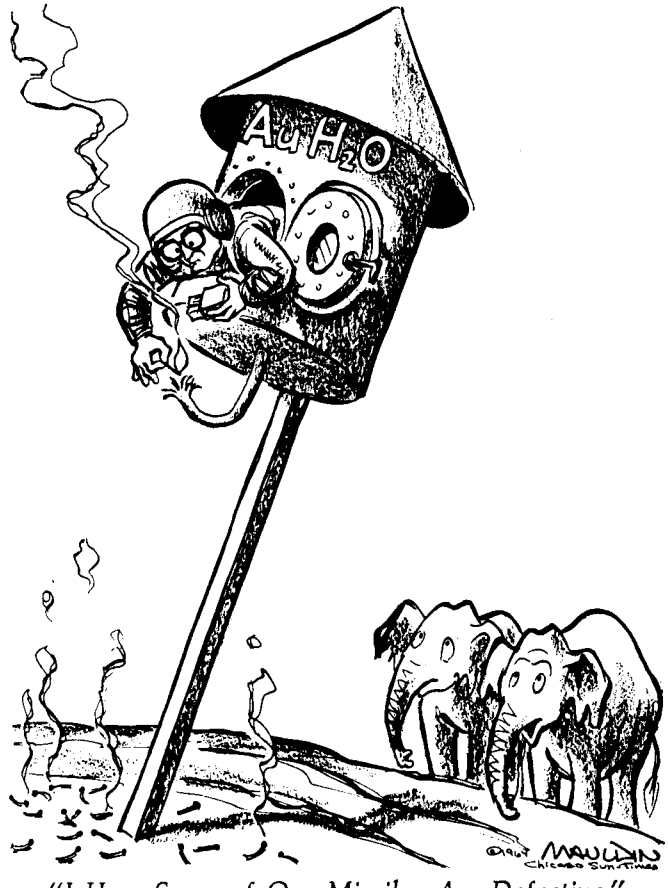
So, because no one can say for sure how many of our missiles would withstand a surprise attack and then be able to hit their targets, we are building a force of nearly 2,000 long-range missiles (including Polaris) when there are only 100 cities in the Soviet Union with a population of more than 100,000, and no more than 100 to 200 strategic targets of military consequence. If only 10 percent of our missiles survived and got off to hit their targets, the USSR still would be reduced to a wasteland.

But Goldwater and the Air Force's "bomber generals" make the unwarranted assumption that the manned bomber somehow will penetrate Soviet air defenses, find their targets and successfully deliver their weapons. Yet no SAC bomber has ever been called upon to penetrate an area protected by modern anti-aircraft missiles equipped with nuclear warheads. Nor have they flown through radioactive clouds to see if their radar and navigation systems still operate, or whether the flight crews are knocked out by radiation sickness. The Air Force has not yet been able to devise goggles for its pilots which will prevent their being blinded by nuclear blasts from anti-aircraft weapons.

Even in peacetime, SAC sometimes has trouble keeping its bombers flying. One, carrying nuclear bombs, crashed in Maryland in last week's snowstorm. In testimony last year before the Senate Armed Services Committee, with Goldwater present, Defense Secretary McNamara said: "I recall very vividly being at Omaha (SAC Headquarters) a few months ago on a day when almost literally all of our B-58 bombers were unavailable for alert status because of mechanical failures."

In the early 1950's the USAF was thrust into a hard race against two tough competitors, the Soviet Union and the US Army, both of which had leaped to a commanding lead in long-range ballistic-type missiles, in both cases thanks to German scientists imported after the end of the war. At this time the Air Force still was working on a winged-type of long-range missiles that were essentially unmanned bombers in which electronics substituted for the human pilot. The US Army clearly was a threat to the USAF's long-held monopoly on strategic bombing. But, by means of a crash multi-billion dollar program, the use of the best USAF brainpower, and some behind-the-scenes maneuvering, the Air Force managed to gain the upper hand, first over the Army in the late hours of the Eisenhower Administration, finally over the Soviets in the early 1960's.

In the preoccupation with this struggle, and amid the initial excitement over the new wonder weapons and the potentialities for space spectaculars opened up by the ICBM's powerful rocket engines, the young colonels and generals who had sparked the advance dominated the scene. Few worried about the consequences of the revolution in weaponry. One of the



"I Hear Some of Our Missiles Are Defective."

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first to do so was General Thomas White, then USAF Chief of Staff. He told the Senate Appropriations Committee that Air Force pilots faced technological unemployment. In April, 1961, *Air Force/Space Digest Magazine* candidly admitted that the "USAF has had an excess of pilots ever since the middle of Fiscal 1957 when the wing structure [number of bomber wings] dropped from a high of 137 down to the 84 wings programmed for Fiscal 1962." Today, thousands of flying officers face unemployment because it requires only a tiny fraction of the number of men needed for a squadron of bombers to maintain an equal number of ICBM's. Those who qualify for missile assignments may have to look forward to spending their working lives hundreds of feet underground, instead of zooming through "the wild blue yonder." Unless the manned bomber can be resuscitated, the airmen seem doomed to become the silent silo sitters of the Sixties. Already the huge SAC fleet of more than 1,000 B-47's, the first jet bomber, is being phased out as the replacement of ICBM's become operational. The 600 B-52's and about 100 B-58's presumably will follow the B-47's into history.

When the Air Force in 1955 launched the B-70, now called the RS-70 (reconnaissance-strike), it was expected to be the replacement for the B-52 and B-58. But the 2,000 mph bomber ran into severe technical and budgetary problems during the Eisenhower Administration and it has never recovered from either. A year ago, Congress almost ordered Defense Secretary McNamara to buy additional RS-70's, beyond the three prototypes already under construction, and it did authorize the extra funds. But the first flight of the RS-70, originally scheduled for December, 1962, to help drum up Congressional support for the program, has slipped to May this year. Even if technical difficulties could be overcome and President Johnson should overrule the decision of his two predecessors, it would be impossible to build and deploy enough RS-70's in time to keep SAC bomber crews employed. This explains General Power's anxious effort to put the B-58 back into production. He wants another 225 of them to be built at a cost of several billion dollars.

Within the past year, top Air Force brass has become increasingly disenchanted with the RS-70. They now are inclined to believe that its huge size would make it a vulnerable target, even at the high altitudes at which it is designed to fly. They are thinking instead of a smaller bomber capable of coming in over the target at very low altitude, to try to avoid detection by enemy radars. Contracts have been awarded to three companies to study such a bomber; but even if it is approved for development and production, it could not possibly be available in quantity before 1973, so it does not solve the problem of the unemployed pilots.

There may be a useful role for a manned bomber in the mid-1970's; Secretary McNamara reportedly has an open mind on the question. But the RS-70, the Skybolt missile and the nuclear-powered aircraft have all been disappointments. Major-General Goldwater's heart may go out to his fellow pilots as they face technological unemployment, but as a campaign issue the "bomber-gap" is likely to prove a dud.

RAYMOND D. SENTER

George Romney Gone Bust

by Charles A. Ferry

Mr. George Romney, the honorable Governor of Michigan, has promised apprehensive Republican legislators of his state that he will not actively seek the Presidential nomination. But he plans to make out-of-state speeches all the way from Florida to Hawaii. If Governor Romney were to win the Presidential nomination, it would throw the Michigan gubernatorial race into chaos. The deadline for filing in the gubernatorial primary is June 16 – well before the GOP national convention; the primary election will be held on August 4 – shortly after the convention. Romney says he will run for re-election as Governor. But, if he withdrew from the Governor's race, a replacement would have to be designated by the Republican State Central Committee, thereby denying Republicans the privilege of choosing a gubernatorial nominee in an open primary.

As public relations director of the Oakland County Republican organization and public information officer for the Michigan constitutional convention, CHARLES A. FERRY *was a close observer of the series of events that led to Mr. Romney's election.*

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One thing is clear about Romney's position: he will do everything in his power to block Goldwater. He greeted Goldwater's announcement of candidacy with conspicuous coolness. However, Goldwater is unquestionably the favorite of most Michigan Republicans. His forces are well organized, and he has more visible strength than Romney, whose key proposals have failed ignobly in a legislature controlled by his own party. His program to straighten out Michigan's tangled tax structure – the main plank of his governorship – ended in a sorry wreck without even coming to a vote. His administration has been plagued by conflict, confusion and contradiction, and at times he has seemed incapable of coping with simple arithmetic.

Romney's program realigned $306 million in state revenues by granting relief to business, retirees and property owners, and imposing a state income tax of 2 percent on individuals, 3½ percent on corporations and 6 percent on financial institutions. Romney insisted the program would not raise total taxes. The plan authorized cities to enact a vehicle tax and an income tax of one percent on residents, half of one percent on non-residents, but banned local income taxes on corporations to make way for the new state tax, to the great annoyance of Detroit.

Detroit Mayor Cavanagh protested that the Romney plan would cost Detroit $9 to $11 million by reducing the yield from the city's income tax. Romney insisted the loss would be only $4 million. After a confused series of meetings between Detroit officials and Romney aides, the conflict was unresolved, although it appears that the Mayor's figures were correct. Romney then stated that he had reached a compromise agreement with Cavanagh – which Cavanagh flatly denied.

As Romney began to push his tax program through the legislature, the mathematics of the situation dictated only one course of action: coalition. The legislature had 58 Republicans and 52 Democrats in the House, and 22 Republicans and 12 Democrats in the Senate. The Democrats had traditionally supported tax reform, the Republicans had opposed it. Therefore the Governor had first to win over the Democrats and then pick up the Republican votes necessary for passage – four in the House and six in the Senate.

But to nearly everyone's amazement, Romney followed an opposite course: he went after Republican votes and tended to freeze out the Democrats. "He stumbled over his Presidential ambitions," said one legislator. "He didn't want to lose the tax fight, but he didn't want to risk alienating his own party either."

Recognizing that Romney was heading for trouble, Senator Stanley G. Thayer, GOP Senate leader, apparently with the Governor's sanction, sought help from the Democrats. But when the news leaked out, Romney issued a stunning rebuke of Thayer, from which Thayer has yet to recover.

In desperation, Romney made an 11th-hour plea for Democratic votes. It was too late. A series of Romney tactical errors had placed Democrats in a position where they could with some justification oppose the Romney program. None of the Romney tax bills was ever voted on. The program died in a parliamentary vote in the House, 47 to 44. Thirty-one Democrats and 16 Republicans voted against it.

Romney blamed his defeat on "legislative members of both parties – not just Republicans and not just Democrats – who are more interested in self-preservation or in playing narrow partisan politics than in supporting needed state programs." He also accepted some of the blame himself, and listed lobbyists' pressure and citizens' apathy as other factors. But this month Romney changed his tune. Democratic legislators, he said, were exclusively responsible for the failure of tax reform, "and they shall not be able to escape the consequences."

A Slap from HEW

Before becoming Governor in 1962, Romney said he would ask for enabling legislation that would qualify Michigan for federal assistance to dependent children of unemployed persons. Such assistance would ease the state's welfare burden by an estimated $10 million a year. The Governor argued that since Michigan contributed far more to the federal government than it got back, it was imperative for the state to take full advantage of the ADC-U program.

In a commendable victory, Romney succeeded in pushing his ADC-U bill through the legislature. But no sooner was the bill passed than it touched off a confusing and sometimes ludicrous series of events. It quickly ran afoul of the US Department of Health, Education and Welfare, which declared that since it excluded the children of one-third of the state's work force, the bill was "arbitrary, discriminatory and unreasonable." Michigan, therefore, would receive no money. The bill excluded all who were not covered by unemployment insurance, and Michigan's unemployment compensation laws cover only two-thirds of the labor force.

Lies and distortions, Romney retorted. Children not covered by the bill were already being taken care of through state welfare programs. But the Governor apparently missed the point: under the federal plan, recipients would get 30 percent more than under the state setup. Besides, if it were important for Michigan to get its full share of federal aid, how could Romney object to a more liberal bill which would do precisely that for the state?

Romney protested that it was the prerogative of

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the state, not the federal government, to determine ADC-U eligibility. He held stubbornly to this position. When urged to press for a broader bill that would meet federal standards, he stalled. The original bill, he insisted, was perfectly sound. The issue dragged on.

The Dynamic Executive

"I hope the Governor is having his kicks," a welfare official remarked acidly. "It's costing the state $30,000 a day and depriving these kids of a better standard of living." The impasse so enraged Detroit Mayor Cavanagh, whose hard-pressed city stood to gain $2.2 million in ADC-U assistance, that he accused Romney of intending to enhance his Presidential prospects by using ADC-U to project a states' rights issue at the national Governors' Conference – which Romney did. The matter was further confused when Michigan Attorney General Frank Kelley ruled that the Romney ADC-U bill denied equal protection of the law, and was therefore unconstitutional. Romney, who had been at odds with Kelley and therefore had not sought his opinion before presenting his legislation, disputed the Attorney General's ruling.

"I have consulted private legal counsel; they have assured me the bill is constitutional," Romney said, adding that he planned to take the matter to court, which started people wondering what had possessed him to let private lawyers issue governmental rulings. Who were these lawyers, and how could they say the bill was constitutional when the state's duly elected Attorney General said it wasn't. No answers were forthcoming from Romney.

Finally, Romney reluctantly surrendered. He would, he announced, move for a new ADC-U bill that would fully comply with federal standards. He told newsmen the real trouble was that the federal law had been changed, presumably clandestinely, before the Michigan bill was passed – a statement which was patently untrue. "Everyone knew it wasn't true," said one reporter. "It made you wonder how far this guy would go to protect his ego."

The matter was not yet closed. After his surrender, Romney was urged to speed up ADC-U payments by including the bill in a special session of the legislature, which was to convene in two weeks and that would be limited to an agenda prescribed by the Governor. He refused – yet he later asked the special session to act on a $35 million appropriation to build a complex of state office buildings.

The episode left a disturbing trail of unanswered questions. Why were the discriminatory provisions written into the bill in the first place? Why did Romney short-circuit his own Attorney General? Why did he withhold pertinent public information, and issue statements of doubtful veracity? If he was convinced of the bill's legality, why didn't he seek a court test, as he indicated he would? And did his action in giving the building program precedence over ADC-U reflect his own values?

Two years ago, Romney soared on to the Michigan political scene, promising deliverance from partisan stalemate, and a millennium of "citizens' participation." The image was of a handsome, virtuous, dynamic corporation executive, the man who had shaped up American Motors, a go-getter.

He rapidly outlined a "blueprint for action" that called for two "action-packed" legislative sessions, and he began work on a "jobs and justice" tax program, announced appointments based on "character, competence and capacity," and inaugurated "citizens' Thursdays" to listen to the plight of the Common Man (provided his plight could be stated in five minutes).

Eleven months later, the glamor had faded and the slogans rang hollow. "We have seen a great deal of showmanship but precious little statesmanship," concluded a Lansing observer.

Governor Romney, keeping a time-honored Michigan tradition, points an accusing finger at the "blind, narrow partisanship" of the legislature. Over the years, the malapportioned, Republican-controlled legislature has been the graveyard of progressive legislation. The Republicans locked horns with Democratic governors and were chiefly responsible for a crippling partisan stalemate which blackened Michigan as a state of financial instability and political schizophrenia. But this is precisely the situation which Romney insisted that he would cure. Besides, since 1958 a Republican moderate movement (with no help from Romney) has gradually altered the character of the legislature. Many of the old guard have been dumped and replaced by forward-looking young attorneys and businessmen. So far as state legislatures go, which admittedly isn't very far, Michigan's probably ranks with the best.

Governor Romney, therefore, inherited a legislature which was both favorably disposed toward his program and to an important extent controlled by his own supporters – particularly in the Senate, where Republican moderates dethroned the old guard and took decisive command of key leadership posts. Despite this good fortune, Romney failed to muster even the degree of bipartisan support enjoyed by the Democratic Governor he replaced.

Associates complain that the Governor is a self-righteous, fiercely ambitious man with a bad temper and a messianic sense of destiny. Taken separately, none of these traits is especially uncommon in political figures; it is the combination that appears to cause difficulty. Also, he has an oversimplified, horse-opera sense of morality, which neatly divides the world into

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good guys and bad guys; and an unshakeable conviction of the rightness of anything he undertakes, which permits him to rationalize personal inconsistency and contradiction.

When something goes wrong, Romney tends to look around irritably for a scapegoat. This has led one critic to remark that he is like a little boy who has dropped an egg; it isn't his fault, it's the egg's. "Lies and distortions" has almost become the Romney rallying cry. To the bewilderment of the people, his handling of every key issue has involved a conflict over basic facts that is somehow never resolved. "Romney says one thing, then somebody else says the opposite. I can't figure out what the hell's going on," said a Michigan factory worker.

It is difficult to pinpoint exactly when Romney first got the notion that he might some day be President of the United States. Perhaps it grew out of his work in Washington in the Thirties as an assistant to Massachusetts Senator David Walsh, a Democrat, and as lobbyist for the aluminum industry. The official Romney biography, a remarkable document that reads like a cross between Horatio Alger and the Book of Revelations, makes pointed reference to the office of the Presidency.

Since President Kennedy's assassination, Romney has been working hard to offset the damage of his legislative failures. His new strategy is to keep his hopes alive through a periphery action to influence the GOP platform, a tactic successfully employed by Rockefeller in 1960. But it is difficult to see how Romney would be able to influence much of anything at the convention. In a situation where power is the only coin of the realm, he possesses precious little of it. Finally, it is not clear whether Romney, who was born in Mexico whither his grandfather had fled in 1885 to avoid prosecution for alleged polygamy, would be eligible for the Presidency.

No one is ever likely to find out, for, in view of the Governor's troubled relationship with Michigan Republicans, his prospects of capturing the nomination seem reasonably remote. Months ago, the conservatives said, "We accept Governor Romney's statement that he is not a candidate for the Presidential nomination," and, to Romney's dismay, proceeded to organize the state for Goldwater. Rockefeller supporters have done the same for their candidate.

In the gubernatorial race this year Romney probably will face Congressman-at-large Neil Staebler, who during his 10 years as Democratic state chairman masterminded the victories of six-term G. Mennen Williams, and Governor Swainson. Romney has lost the slight Negro support he enjoyed in 1962. Organized labor, which granted him a small measure of support in 1962, is unlikely to do so this year. His battles with Mayor Cavanagh have damaged his standing in Detroit. A strong Johnson vote could destroy him, as could a slump in auto sales or a revival of the deadly Detroit income-tax bill. Conceivably, he could score important gains in the 1964 legislative session, but even Romney considers this doubtful: 1964 promises to be even more turbulent than 1963.

The Orange Is Squeezed

A Report on One Failure in Panama

by Murray Kempton

When Panama broke off diplomatic relations with the United States the other day, Americans had the major shock of discovering just how far out of hand the servant problem has gone and the additional humiliation of learning that they did not even have an Ambassador in Panama to receive cook's notice when she quit.

Ambassador Joseph Farland, an Eisenhower legacy, had resigned five months ago. He had been quarreling with the State Department since spring; one issue was Farland's objection to a projected middle-income housing development in Panama City to be built by American investors under the umbrella of an $8.1 million Agency for International Development guarantee. Farland says he quit because Senator George Smathers of Florida, an admirer of the project's chief promoter, called the State Department with a threat to attack

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Farland in the Senate if he persisted in his opposition.

The State Department, of course, did not fire Joseph Farland. But it seems fair to say that it was glad to see him go because he had become a nuisance. President Kennedy appointed as Farland's replacement Frank Coffin, a former Democratic Congressman and deputy director of the Agency for International Development. A few weeks ago, it began to be rumored that Mr. Coffin would not be appointed. One quasi-official explanation was that he had rendered himself controversial because, as deputy director of AID, he had signed its authorization for the $8.1 million guarantee to insure investors in the housing project to which Farland had objected. That explanation is silly. The decision was not his. He had, in the absence of AID Director David Bell, routinely put his signature on an agreement previously approved by the Agency. (Another view of why Mr. Coffin is not going to Panama is that he once publicly disagreed with Lyndon Johnson.)

"An Outrageous Piece of Class Privilege"

The housing venture at issue is known officially as the Kheel-Gilbane project, after Theodore Kheel, the labor arbitrator who, for a fee of $25,000, found the $8.5 million in union pension funds to finance it, and after Thomas Gilbane, the Rhode Island contractor, who, for a profit of $1 million, proposed to build it. Neither of these two enterprisers is, however, quite so important as Eugene McGrath, brother of Msgr. Mark McGrath, Archbishop of Panama.

Eugene McGrath entered business in Panama in 1948; he is president of the Panama Insurance Company and a promoter of variant ventures to improve the Panamanian economy, of which a shrimp plant and a steel reinforcing material foundry were typical in their bravery and lack of total success.

McGrath seems to have conceived the Panamanian housing project; Panama Insurance was to have earned $25,000 for organizing it, and no less than $70,000 in annual premiums for insuring it; and McGrath was appointed agent for the sale of the completed houses at which he could have earned a maximum gross commission of $90,000. There was a brief period during which Panama Insurance was designated as fiduciary to hold the mortgages and collect the payments on the houses when the development was completed – a service worth $100,000 to the fiduciary.

McGrath must have been glad to let the fiduciary assignment go; it is tactically hazardous for American corporations, whatever their benevolence of intent, to get themselves in a position where they have to foreclose mortgages on Panamanians, and supervision of the mortgages has now been assigned to a French bank.

McGrath's prospective rewards, although handsome, were entirely legal, being standard for that American system of real-estate mortgage credit which AID is anxious to teach Latin Americans. But, then, the Panamanians were aroused by rumors of profits which seemed, to their innocence, exorbitant and, to the cupidity of some of them, better deserved by Panamanians than foreigners. A middle-class housing development appeared to some of them an outrageous piece of class privilege; in the clamor the Panamanian government withdrew its support. Ambassador Farland, whose immense popularity with the Panamanians was owing, in part, to the sincerity with which he shared their prejudices, objected strenuously. Still AID officials clung to the Kheel-Gilbane project through the innumerable changes made necessary by these troubles.

There hangs in the air an assumption that AID was so desperately faithful because McGrath had the patronage of Senator Smathers. But it seems fairer to say that AID's officials are shell-shocked by now with the Congressional discontent with foreign-aid loans inspired by mere benevolence, and that their only passionate desire is to find projects that will both work and make a profit for American investors. Such projects would fit the Congressional image of success, but more than that, some officials really believe that US financial methods can be made to work in Latin America if they can be taught by example.

"The houses were less important to us in themselves than the chance to demonstrate that, with Federal Housing Administration methods, they could be financed and make a profit," one AID officer explained. "We think we can convince the Latin Americans that FHA mortgage methods will generate the same enormous amounts of capital they have up here." By that measure, he conceded, it would hardly be AID's business even if the profit on any project were extortionate so long as its houses could be sold. "What counts is the demonstration."

With the Panamanians restless and Ambassador Farland such a trial that Washington AID seems to have preferred then not to consult its Panama mission let alone the Embassy, Kheel-Gilbane dragged on until McGrath whistled up his friend George Smathers. Smathers called then Assistant Secretary of State Edwin Martin to announce that if Farland did not cease his obstructions, Smathers would go before the Senate and "challenge the Ambassador's efficiency, dedication, and willingness to cooperate." The only source for that allegation is Farland who could not have heard it. Secretary Martin, questioned by the *Los Angeles Times*, confirmed the fact that Smathers had called him. "As for the threat of a Smathers speech in the Senate, Martin said he had no recollection one way or another."

That could hardly be a true statement; at that time, Edwin Martin was supervisor of State Department missions to 19 countries; he could hardly forget in seven months a threat by a Senator to denounce one of

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his Ambassadors on the floor of the Senate. We may assume that his answer was that kind of diplomatic evasion to which the only alternative is a lie. When Voltaire left the service of Frederick the Great, he observed: "The orange has been squeezed; it is time to think of saving the skin." Foreign aid is continually discussed in terms of praise or blame by persons who forget that the point about the program is not its merit but its condition. The real condition is that its most dedicated servants know by now that the orange is squeezed; they do what they can to save the skin.

The Kheel-Gilbane project is likely to be dispensed with even by those AID officials who have struggled to keep it alive. It has crossed the shadow line where it is only an unfortunate name.

Still, what we know about it hardly entitles us to think this venture in any way inferior in ethics to the usual American real-estate development. There may, of course, be real dispute as to whether AID's excitement about middle-class housing is entirely relevant to that problem of poverty which the popular mind associates with the Alliance for Progress. The FHA mortgage system, the insured bank deposit, the tax write-off for investment and all the other devices of the New Deal are indisputably useful; but, if they could solve poverty, the President of the United States would hardly have reason to exhort us to notice how the poor are still with us in the United States.

Kheel-Gilbane might still be a helpful project, within the limits of what social progress the United States has made. But that is something we have no reasonable way of knowing; the need to save the skin seems to make it impossible for foreign-aid professionals to tell us the objective truth.

Senator Smathers' Appeal

AID has handed to inquiring newspaper reporters what it calls a "Fact Sheet" on the Kheel-Gilbane Project. A reading of this document by anyone moderately familiar with undisputed facts of the venture's history produces this score at once: two statements simply untrue; one explanation for a policy decision that is implausible; a summary of the Panama AID mission's evaluation of Kheel-Gilbane that omits the most significant objection raised therein; and the description of a settled judgment as "a legal question." There is a persuasive excuse for all but one of those evasions of truth; four of them conceal facts about negotiations with the Panamanian government; and, just as an Assistant Secretary of State feels debarred from saying what a Senator told him, no foreign-aid official can be frank about what a sovereign foreign power told him.

This sort of thing really makes it difficult to give undistracted credence to AID's explanation of the process which brought it to approve Kheel-Gilbane. In the same way it is not easy to dismiss the shadow which clouds the motives of Kheel-Gilbane's sponsors so long as Senator Smathers persists in meeting every question by assuming a posture of virtue which, in Saint Sebastian himself, would awake the judgment that no arrow would be too sharp or too swift to be excessive punishment for such moral arrogance. Smathers conceded that, when Kheel-Gilbane's application for an AID guarantee was bogged down, he appealed for speed to Deputy AID Director Coffin, to Ambassador Farland, and on up to Secretary Martin. He did this, he said, partly because of his friendship for Eugene McGrath and "his brother, the Archbishop" but much more just because "what we want is housing." In the same spirit, last week, he explained that he had put Bobby Baker on to a Florida real-estate investment which cost Baker $1,500 and has paid him $1,000 a year since, just because Bobby Baker was trying to raise a large family on a limited salary.

Why is it that, every time George Smathers explains one of these good deeds, there is this ungovernable impulse to laugh out loud? We ought not to laugh at ourselves. George Smathers wears the clothes which used to ensure the shoe drummer a grand entrance into country stores. In repose, true to that costume, he is all worldly-wisdom. But, in times of crisis, he goes all over sentiment and patriotism and out comes the wallet with the pictures of the children, likely as not Bobby Baker's. In these moments of self-satisfaction, George Smathers evokes the entire national ethic. Americans are privileged to make money by doing good; that special blessing upon us is the basis of our most useful tax deductions. And Americans can do good while making money; that is one argument for foreign aid.

Thomas Corcoran, the Washington lawyer who, with Howard, his brother, is Gilbane's lawyer and McGrath's, remembers the origins of their project as rooted in a real desire to do good with suitable pauses to collect a few rewards along the way. He wanted, Corcoran recalls, a great demonstration project, built where it would be visible in Panama City, the crossroads of Latin America, guaranteed by AID and financed from the great new resource of American labor union pension funds. The first plan was to build 4,000 houses to sell for $2,500 apiece; to be financed from the pension fund of the National Maritime Union, which was looking for ways to win the sympathy of Panamanian seamen, whom it wants to unionize. Corcoran called in Gilbane as contractor, the plans were readied; and then AID reported that the Panamanian government could not accept this project, because low-cost housing was an activity it reserved for itself. Could Kheel and Gilbane rejigger and build 1,200 houses for those middle-class Panamanians the government cherishes as the hope for its democratic development?

Gilbane rejiggered, and came up with a $10,000

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house which the Panamanian government felt was too high for the market; and everyone went to work and cut it down to $8,333 which meant eliminating hot water but left otherwise a model of middle-class comfort. The Maritime Union had wandered away by now; Kheel managed to substitute the Amalgamated Lithographers' Union and the Bakery and Confectionary Workers' Union, which cannot have called for any dreadful efforts, since Kheel is impartial arbiter for the bakery workers pension fund and his lawyer partner is their employer representative, and since the bakers, having been expelled from the AFL-CIO as unrepentant sinners, are grateful for an associate as distinguished as Kheel.

This was a sound investment because it would have a 90 percent AID guarantee and the Panamanian government had promised that it would underwrite the financing with a bond issue and that its state bank would supervise the mortgages. But then the Panamanian government backed off; the middle class was affronted because the profits would go to American enterprise instead of to Panamanians, and the working class protested this coddling of the bourgeoisie, although it is difficult for anyone not in the circumstances of the ordinary poor Panamanian to think of a bourgeois as coddled when he pays $8,333 for a house without hot water. The government therefore abandoned its support of the program; its state bank "discovered," (it had known all along) that it had no legal power to serve as fiduciary for a housing development. The sponsors put together the best substitute financing plan they could; and Washington AID which had demanded all the government sponsorship which had now departed, stuck with the project on the reasonable grounds of desperation; it had shepherded Kheel-Gilbane for 18 months and had rejected various alternative proposals and it hated to give up this demonstration of the wonders of American mortgage methods. This sentiment seems to have inhibited it from submitting the project to the required study of its own mission in Panama until more than a year after Corcoran presented it.

End of the Affair

The Panama AID mission might have suggested certain cautions; Kheel-Gilbane proposed to build 1,200 middle-class homes in a country where the total market might cover no more than 1,500. Purchasers would need a down payment of $833. That does not seem so very high, but another government housing project, financed by AID, had granted a special priority to Panamanians working in the Canal Zone; depressed as they are, they must be among the higher paid citizens in the country, yet almost none of them could take advantage of the opportunity because they did not have the $650 down payment required.

Farland remained adamant; then in October two members of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs came down to study the Kheel-Gilbane project and the entire Panama aid program there.

The Congressional staff report found that AID had managed the Kheel-Gilbane negotiations "secretively," that it had damaged the aid program by neglecting to consult the Embassy and its own mission in Panama, and that it had failed properly to recognize McGrath's profit interest in the development. This has to be taken as the only detached finding we are likely to have on the matter; it falls occasionally into speculation and innuendo, but that is unavoidable when we remember how necessary concealment has to be to a program which lives on the sufferance of an unfriendly Congress; and if we remember how many people, in a small country as well as in our own, are anxious to believe in conspiracy.

The judgment of Congress would seem to dispose of the Kheel-Gilbane project, with some hardly-deserved costs to the purse and reputations of its sponsors. "It will," says Thomas Corcoran, "be a long time before we can get American businessmen to invest in anything like this again."

Altogether the experience and its consequence would seem to close the case for Joseph Farland, who went out as Ambassador to Panama insisting that aid to an underdeveloped country is more properly rendered by engaged benevolence than by the profit motive. Farland was popular in Panama because he wanted what the Panamanians he knew may not really want for their country as owners of property but would like to think they wanted as enlightened citizens. The Ambassador emerges even from the cold pages of the Congressional staff report as a figure from the romance of what we would like the American abroad to be – ordering that roads be bulldozed against the cost-conscious cautions of his technical advisers, wangling the grants for schools and hospitals, rejoicing in the low-cost housing loan. And, yet, he has barely departed and so many of his roads disappear in mud. The middle-class housing development is not built but the low-cost houses do not progress spectacularly either. The drugs for the medical-aid program were held up for six months because the government of Panama could not decide to allow them in duty free.

So one supposes that Farland has failed as McGrath has. What is sacred in the aid program seems to advance little better than what is profane. Still, some men and some programs have better failures than others; Eugene McGrath has lost a small investment and a chance for profit; Joseph Farland has made an immense investment and has a painful little to show for it. Even so, this is a world where we owe ourselves, if we are worthy of our size, a grand failure like Farland's, and not just a disappointment like McGrath's.

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Sugary Days in Saint Botolphs

by Hilary Corke

The hardened review-reader knows what to expect from a notice that begins with praises; he will be quite aware of the giant BUT lurking in the wings. It can only be ominous therefore, that I start by observing that John Cheever is an intelligent, original and in many respects brilliant man; that he is one of the best living short-story writers in the language;

The Wapshot Scandal
by John Cheever
(Harper & Row; $4.95)

that he has a remarkably acute nose for the significantly fascinating relation or situation, and a remarkably acute ear for the thing said, as such and such a person says it. He is possessed, in fact, of almost all the talents.

So it is that *The Wapshot Scandal*, like its predecessor *The Wapshot Chronicle*, is full of plums. The characters (inhabitants of the small New England port of St. Botolphs) are much the same as those in the *Chronicle*, apart from those who died there and were committed to the sepulchre with full literary honors. There are the two Wapshot brothers: Moses – the handsome and pushing, quick to succeed and, as we now learn, quick to degenerate too; and Coverly – the honest and dubious, who doesn't "make good" but all the same is the better sort of apple. Cousin Honora, the embodiment of the eternal youth of old age, is still with us – until the last pages, when she too receives a fine interment. Moses' wife, Melissa, deteriorates like her husband, going down roughly the same slope of the same hill and finally running off with the grocer's boy to live in sin in Rome. Coverly's wife, Betsey, is her old complaining, disappointed – indeed pointless – self of the *Chronicle*, only more so, And so on; *The Wapshot Scandal* is not less of a "chronicle" than the other. It is frankly episodic.

So episodic, in fact, that a large number of readers will already have encountered substantial chunks of it in the pages of *The New Yorker*. If they share my tastes, moreover, they will have admired and enjoyed those chunks, and have been predisposed to admire and enjoy the whole picture as well as the magnified details. BUT. I find the whole fatally flawed, and by some cause that it is not very easy at first to identify. It is, I think, that Mr. Cheever is what, if one were counsel for his defense, and trying to stretch a point as far as it would go without parting in the middle, one would describe as "too relaxed"; and what the prosecutor would term "sloppy."

There is a lack of grip, even of the will to grip, and it seems to adversely affect the Wapshot books in two main ways: it leads to unredeemable carelessnesses and loosenesses of construction – and, on the emotional or even (it may be) moral side, to bouts of arrant sentimentality.

Take the constructional side first. *The Wapshot Scandal* can hardly claim the proud title of novel. Whole episodes seem simply glued in in order to swell the bulk – as if they were short stories (and good short stories too), pressed into service by altering the name of some minor figure in them into "Wapshot" and leaving it at that. There is, for instance, a long section on the Roman holiday of a rocket physicist, a Dr. Cameron, and another recounting his hearing before a Congressional security committee. Neither has more than the most formal connection with the main body of the book. The second (but not the first) is also couched in a fanciful satirical vein that is quite out of key with most of the remainder. Worse still, these two interpolated pieces don't even tie up with each other: for instance, in the first Cameron's character is described in terms of "cleanliness," "decency," "a good man" – whereas in the second he appears as a fiend in human shape who has destroyed his small son's reason by continual beatings. (And this, as it appears in context, is unmistakably a careless, not an ironic, discrepancy).

One begins to speculate on whether Mr. Cheever writes a lot of short stories and then sews them together; or whether he takes care to write the sort of novel from which a number of complete short stories can be painlessly extracted. I don't mean to sound pedantically narrow here; there is an honorable place for the novel-of-episodes, even though that form, in order to make its short-term gains of apparent breadth of canvas and quick effects, is obliged to surrender the novel's fundamental dynamic (which is that we are carried on, not transported for short distances and then set down to await the next vehicle). But there is not a place for the novel of contradictory episodes: particularly if it is written in such a way as to promise an over-all unity, and if the cracks are so carefully pasted over with deco-

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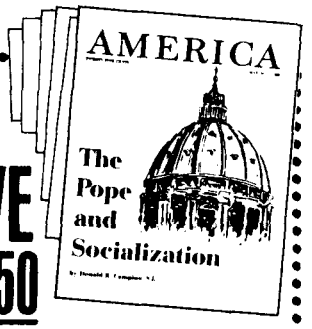

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rative tinsel. *The Wapshot Scandal* (and after a careful reading, I remain completely in the dark as to what incident may be referred to in the title) would have been much better issued as a volume of short stories.

Furthermore: this looseness is not confined to construction. It runs right through, down to the small details. For instance, in an incident which has neither antecedent nor after-history, Coverly Wapshot puts the vocabulary of Keats through a computer:

> The vocabularly was eight thousand five hundred and three and the words in the order of their frequency were: "Silence blendeth grief's awakened fall / The golden realms of death take all . . ."
>
> "My God," Coverly said. "It rhymes. It's poetry."

And he goes on to philosophize about this. But one doesn't have to be anything of a statistician, one needs no more than an elementary sense of the way the world, and its languages, are put together, to be sure that a frequency count yields something of the nature of *the and of that to it*. If one is going to fool about with science, and then draw wise conclusions, one has to make one's science, if not accurate, then at least conceivable. Or, if one is going to be frankly fantastic, one must not embed one's fantasy in a wholly realistic context.

Irrelevancies. Contradictions. Unrealities. Hiatuses, if we are to consider the *Scandal* as a follow-on from the *Chronicle* (what for instance of Cousin Justina, and how did Moses and Melissa get themselves where the beginning of this second book finds them?). And repetitions. Mr. Cheever has a number of tricks that he happily repeats, even applying the same psychological quirk to quite different characters (for instance, pages 50-52 give an account of how Melissa used to pretend that things that had happened hadn't; and page 69 details exactly the same peculiarity in Coverly). Goodness knows how many of the male characters (in both books) lie on the beds bursting with desire while listening to the maddening, deliberate ablutions of their women in the bathroom. Betsey's disastrous attempt to give a party (none of the guests come) is a re-write of a similar occasion in the *Chronicle*. On the tiniest scale (contradictions again), the St. Botolphs watch-repairer is called Spofford on page 15 and Sturgis on page 31; and one could fill half a page with discrepancies of that sort. All these leap out in glaring contrast to the loving and exact care that Mr. Cheever brings to his characters, their speech, his descriptions, and the always sensitive and often dazzling texture of his writing.

Mr. Cheever has plenty of feeling and isn't frightened to show it, and I for one am prepared to cheer him all the way for that: if it is a fault, it is a fault on the right side. But sentimentality, I take it, means feeling that is out of control, feeling that no longer troubles to relate properly to its object or cause but detaches itself from reality and begins to feed on itself and to exist solely for its own sake. It leads Mr. Cheever at times into scenes that might have made Dickens, at his absurdest, pause and blush: such as when Coverly, on Christmas Eve, goes to rescue Moses from the whore-house in which he is busily degenerating –

> Then Coverly opened the door. "Come home, Moses," he said. "Come home, brother. It's Christmas Eve." (End of paragraph, end of scene).

So too, in the *Chronicle*, we have the set scene of the "burning of the great house," a purely sentimental cliché-event that goes straight back, through *Rebecca*, to *Jane Eyre*, to take it no further.

But it is not merely individual scenes: the whole atmosphere is just one shade of baby-pink warmer than life. The general purpose of these books is presumably to draw a picture of a certain form of society, a certain way of life – the *modus vivendi* of a small and ancient Massachusetts port which is earthy, eccentric, individualistic, innocent, passionate, rich, as contrasted with the smooth, impoverished, sophisticated uniformity of the city. Fine: but the vision gets over-simple, over-stressed, over-ripe – and, finally and

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disastrously, self-indulgent. It sets out to be social history but, the fatal specter of the Great American Novel hovering somewhere near, becomes an anatomy not of a life as it is, or recently was, but of a dream-life as a basically conventional and sentimental literary sense would have it be.

To put it another way, Mr. Cheever unluckily falls in love with his theme, and falls in love with it in a hopelessly uncritical way. He falls in love with his characters too. And again that's a fault on the right side, but he goes too far: he tends to introduce them with haloes of lovableness about their brows. It is as if he were saying "Look! this man is great, he's adorable, he's splendid, you just take my word for that, I know." Well, as a matter of fact he is dead right: Leander Wapshot, of the *Chronicle*, *is* lovable and all the rest, there's no denying it. Only one feels that Mr. Cheever ought to conceal his confidence, his love-affair, more discreetly.

The trouble about sentimentality is that it debases the coinage. The whole tone of Mr. Cheever's mind is attractive: intelligent, sympathetic, exploring, sweet, clean. But in the end, feeling flows too readily, taps are dripping all over the place. Emotion gives way to acrobatics and the crises become unreal, unurgent, because we are so certain that all will happily be resolved in a page or two. Even such an incident as poor old Cousin Honora's determination to hang herself in her attic is all great fun and even Mr. Cheever can't be bothered to consider the tragic implications of it. All tends to the facile, the quick trick, and often to archness –

> And now we come to the unsavory or homosexual part of our tale and any disinterested reader is encouraged to skip.

Don't worry, reader, nothing naughty happens, it's all a false alarm. Just relax. You are safe with John Cheever.

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A World Disarmed

by Charles Burton Marshall

"Far away beyond her myriad coming changes earth will be
Something other than the wildest modern guess of you and me."

Disregarding Tennyson's warning to prophets, a dozen highly reputed but otherwise diverse persons – namely, Kenneth Boulding, Grenville Clark, William Ernest Hocking, Senator Hubert H. Humphrey, Arthur Larson, Dr. Judd Marmor, Margaret Mead, Walter Millis, Jules Moch, Louis B. Sohn, Arnold Toynbee, and James J. Wadsworth – have undertaken to imagine what the world would be like if there were general and complete disarmament.

A Warless World
edited by Arthur Larson
(McGraw-Hill; $4.95)

Assuming a solution is an easy way to dispose of a problem. Postulating an end to poverty, for example, leads logically to perceptions of wide affluence. Thus it is with the topic at hand. Peace will be abundant upon the end of conflict.

Professor Boulding predicates avoidance of military measures as a basis for peace between neighboring states. Larson postulates "a gain for the cause of truth" if "everyone in a warless world could be made to stick more closely to the truth." He is against the idea "that any group that does not have a representative democratic government is outside the pale so far as we are concerned," and he rejects "insistence upon fully developed human and civil rights in every new country as the price of our approval." Thus a straw man bites the dust. Larson foresees "a good chance that a warless world could succeed," given a disposition on the part of all nations to meet their international obligations and to let up on their neighbors. Quite so. Discussing prospects for forming a world force to subdue recalcitrants, Professor Sohn ventures, "If the service . . . is made sufficiently attractive . . . there should be no dearth of volunteers." It would seem so.

Speculations on how different things would be if they were different are inherently irrefutable. None, for example, can gainsay Moch's categorical prediction of unspecified changes in education to flow *ipso facto* from our having a warless world. Yet even as to benign prophecies, credulity must have limits. Boulding's proposition of a one-for-one displacement of armament expenditures by capital development for economically laggard nations is a misleadingly simple exercise in quantification. Millis' version of an international peace force as a sort of world FBI seems to me to match the implausibility of Sohn's contrasting anticipation of an all-powerful and supremely versatile and mobile combination of fighting components rotating through insular garrison tours in such places as Trinidad, Madeira, Iceland, Malta, Cyprus, Zanzibar, and Ceylon while awaiting occasions for authorized continental sorties. A further query rises from Sohn's formulas for multinational committees of command derived from small nations only and weighted in favor of noncommitted nations (whatever the relevance of noncommitment under the envisioned conditions), and for mixing nationalities within units "to the greatest possible extent." The book does not say whether these ideas are based on experience or picked out of the air, but I think I can guess.

My main observation pertains to rampant abstraction. Law, for example, becomes virtually personified in some of these essays – an accomplisher of wonders in a warless world – as if law were something that takes care rather than something to take care of. In that happy future, one is told, every government's involvement in every other government's security will go hand in hand with inviolable political autonomy for every state. How is this prodigy in reconciling opposed tendencies to be accomplished? By the law, of course.

In the efforts to verbalize a way through the problem of peaceful change – ever a puzzler to theorists of perpetual peace – various of the writers invoke the idea of change as if it had verifiable content, invariably good. Toynbee serves as an example. He refers to "the truth that continuous change is of the essence of human life." "To try to halt change is to court an explosion," he adds. "A policy of accepting and promoting peaceful change is a necessary condition for the maintenance of a warless world," he concludes. Generalization so wide amounts to sentiment rather than policy. Responsibility and decision require some discriminative judgment. Order entails preservation as well as alteration. Change is only a concept. Real problems involve particular changes, susceptible of being evaluated only case by case. No authority could ever govern by categorically affirming and accommodating change as good *per se*.

Clichés on the benefits of change are half-truths at best. Margaret Mead gets to a facet of the matter overlooked by Toynbee and several of the rest. "Faith in continuity has been essential to the existence of all known societies," she writes. Hocking also helps with some wise observations on fallacies inherent in likening states to individuals as subjects of law. By injecting something of the world as it is, the Mead and Hocking essays are like an arousal from a mixed-up dream.

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• • • •

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Dissent and the Dissenters

by Gerald W. Johnson

Philosophy, in modern parlance, is so weighty a word that to describe a man as a jocund philosopher, a philosopher with an air, may seem to many a contradiction in terms. Yet to erudition and luminosity, Barrows Dunham adds wit, so the description fits him. But, after all, Democritus was called the Laughing Philosopher, and today we have Bertrand Russell, both accorded respect-

Heroes and Heretics
A Social History of Dissent
by Barrows Dunham
(Knopf; $6.95)

able rank; so "amusing" as applied to a thinker is not necessarily pejorative.

In the case of Dunham, an assertion that he is witty is far indeed from an assertion that he is light. He calls this work a social history, but it is actually a philosophical inquiry into the age-old contradiction of liberty under law. Dunham is no more successful at resolving it than his great predecessors have been; but he does illuminate brilliantly certain modern aspects of the question.

Dunham's first proposition is the familiar one that every great hero in the history of ideas was originally a heretic, but he avoids the fallacy of calling every heretic a hero. A hero, in his book, is not simply an example of courage and devotion; he must exemplify potency, as well. On this ground he ignores some very great dissenters, Savonarola for the most conspicuous example. He argues that the work that Savonarola essayed was not accomplished by him, but by the great reformers who followed him.

Of course the efficiency that lifts heresy into heroism is not necessarily personal. Socrates, Jesus, Joan of Arc, are three examples of the delayed reaction in which dissent brings death upon the dissenters but registers with power on their successors. In the eyes of their contemporaries all three failed, but to deny that each occasioned a great swerve in the history of philosophy would be sheer lunacy.

This line of argument may fall short of being completely convincing, but it has plausibility and is presented by Dunham forcefully and skillfully enough to make it highly interesting. It is, however, incidental – merely an approach to his main effort, which he intended to be an evaluation of dissent as a force in history.

It is not to be denied that this effort achieves a considerable measure of success in a field where complete success would establish a thinker at once as a very prince of philosophers. Dunham's claims do not run that high.

Our generation has an awareness of organization that is certainly exceptional, perhaps unprecedented. The phrase "the organization man" is now a cliché, but Dunham gives it a new twist by laying equal stress upon the perniciousness and the inevitability of the organization. Orthodoxy, he insists, is the body of doctrine that the organization deems most likely to attract new members while retaining the loyalty of old ones; truth and falsehood, like the flowers that bloom in the spring, tra-la, have nothing to do with the case.

But doctrine that once was irresistibly attractive has a way of becoming repulsive, sometimes suddenly, oftener by slow degrees. When the change is slow, the task of orthodoxy is to persuade or compel members of the organization to hold contradictory beliefs simultaneously. The opinion that this is impossible is naïveté; for most of us, nothing is easier than to emulate the Red Queen who boasted to Alice that she could believe six impossible things before breakfast.

Thus heresy becomes heroic when the heretic accurately forecasts the trend of opinion; for in that case his dissent of today will become the majority opinion, which is to say the orthodoxy of tomorrow. If his forecast is not borne out by events, he is no hero, but remains merely a heretic and sinks into the foggy anonymity that shrouds the Arians, the Pelagians, the Sabellians, and the rest.

To this point it is easy enough to follow Dunham, especially as he couches his argument in lucid and relatively simple English, free of scholastic jargon, and studded with startling and sometimes grotesque imagery. But beyond this point, that is to say, when he begins to expound the significance of the conditions that he has made marvelously clear to the modern generation, he is less persuasive. When he speaks of orthodoxy, he does not confine his definition to religion, but includes politics, economics, and sociology as well. The result is that he skates dangerously close to political nihilism and religious pantheism.

His ideal is an equilibrium of opposing forces which he seems to think attainable by the exercise of reason; but the evidence that he adduces to support this view is not impressive.

For all that, he is a man of parts. He makes philosophy sparkle; but beyond that he makes the predicament of the modern world much clearer, even to the relatively unlettered, less by the originality of his own contribution than by the deftness and by the – one suspects – rather savage joy with which he tears away many false-faces that have obscured the truth.

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ART

The Letter and the Spirit

Whenever one of the young gentlemen who practice Pop Art is moved to copy out the sayings of Steve Canyon, it is customary to point out, among other excellences, that he – the young gentleman, not Colonel Canyon – has achieved another breakthrough by putting real letters from real, (popular) art situations into his own fine, or top dollar, art. When Braque and Picasso before 1910 used real-life letters in real-life paintings, they didn't give much of a damn about breakthroughs, whereas the Poppers and their Mamas care for little else. Even laggard old modern American art, widely assumed not to have existed at all before Jackson Pollock, was using real-life letters in real-life art when the Pops were still tots.

One of the most memorable examples to this day is Demuth's apocalyptically titled, "I Saw the Figure 5 in Gold." The golden fives recede into a perspective measured by streetlights, blocked by red steel and embellished with window words and sky signs. Nobody ever called it a breakthrough, but for more than a generation it has exerted its hypnotic effects.

For about the same number of years and from very similar sources, Stuart Davis has been scribbling and block-lettering words into his paintings, from the Vins-Tabac of his Paris years to the Champions and Elses and the wonderful phrases like Rapt at Rappaport's. The effects are completely different: bouncy, urban, jazz – shaped by the color-space logic that is the artist's deep concern.

But the contemporary American artist above all others who has redeemed the word and the letter in his art is Ben Shahn, about whose glories some things were said in these columns a couple of weeks ago. His *Love and Joy About Letters* (Grossman, $15) is both a collection of superb examples of Shahn's use of letters in art and art in lettering, and a loose, reflective essay on the part letters have played in his life.

There were two early factors. Shahn was a Litvak, an Eastern European Jew by birth, and as a boy spent nine hours a day "learning the true history of things, which was the Bible [and] lettering its words . . . learning its prayers and its psalms, which were my first music, my first memorized verse." Out of this ancient tradition have come many of the most vivifying spirits of modern art in Western Europe and America. None has come more directly nor maintained the tradition more reverently than Shahn. Reverence, indeed, is the key both to the studies he was introduced to as a child in Russia and to the art he has created as a man in America. For the boy each of the Hebrew letters had its holy significance and it was a privilege to draw them. For the man as artist, the roadside signs of the Depression years revealed the same kind of significance and from them he forged his own alphabet of creation.

The second profound influence of lettering on Ben Shahn came in this country, after his boyhood immigration. At 14 he was apprenticed to a lithographer to carry on the family tradition of learning a trade and for the private reason of learning to draw. In the process he also learned about Roman letters, and about the shapes between them: "Imagine," his foreman told him, "that you have a small measuring glass. . . . Now you have to pour the water out of the glass into the spaces between the letters, and every one has to contain exactly the same amount." The craftsman's secret makes for a balanced line that no mechanical justification can hope to achieve. As Shahn grew toward artistic maturity he rebelled against that balance but the experience of pouring the water into those exact spaces helped give him a sure feeling for letters and space that continues to enrich his paintings and to raise his posters and other illustrations to a much higher level than that which we commonly accord to their categories.

In the thirties, Shahn worked as a photographer for the Farm Security Administration and covered a good part of the country, contributing his share to that gallery of images of endurance that still exists in the Library of Congress. He also discovered the "folk alphabet," as he called it, of home-made, hand-lettered signs. As with so many things of the American past, he caught it just in time, for within a very few years that alphabet vanished before the availability of cheap, mass-produced signs for all occasions. Later, when Shahn, like much of the country, became deeply involved in the fate of Sacco and Vanzetti, he created, as a work of communicative art, the style of lettering associated with his name, based on the "folk alphabet" he had collected along America's roads and used for the last statement of Vanzetti: "that agony is our triumph." That alphabet "is anathema to letterers. It thins letters where they should be thick; it thickens them where they should be thin. It adds serifs where they don't belong; it leaves them out where they do belong. Its spaces jump and its letters jump. It is cacophonous and utterly unacceptable." It was, of course, a cacophonous and utterly unacceptable event Shahn was depicting. In addition the strange letters slowed down the

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reading to match a speaker, Vanzetti, not entirely at ease in English. The artist used the alphabet again where it seemed appropriate and presently found it in growing circulation among sharp art directors. Yet it remains entirely valid and extremely valuable when the need for it arises in his work, as it did recently in the Lucky Dragon series of paintings and drawings.

He has also been faithful to Hebrew in the years since it was his whole world of learning. Toward the end is reproduced his Hanukkah Prayer, in which the ornate blue and purple Menorah seems to have been assembled from the Hebrew letters of the verse, "Greeks gathered to attack me." Recently, too, a book illustrated by Shahn in a limited edition 10 years ago has been reissued for the trade, *The Alphabet of Creation* (Pantheon, $4.95). This is a fable from the 14th Century *Zohar* of Moses de Leon and Shahn's pictures and letters illuminate the story in every sense. The text tells of the individual place of each of the 22 Hebrew letters that it might be the letter of creation and of the Holy One's choice of Beth and honoring of Aleph. The story itself is about as far from A-is-for-Apple as it is possible to imagine and is perfectly suited to Shahn's love and joy about letters. Like Moses de Leon, Ben Shahn believes that letters are persons, each with recommendations and liabilities, each with something to say of value, each with space around it to be filled with the water of life.

FRANK GETLEIN

FILMS

Real, Real, Super-Real

The Guest (Janus)
Point of Order (Talbot-De Antonio)

Harold Pinter has been writing plays only since 1957, when he was 27, and one of the proofs of his validity, of the way his "note" fits into modern harmonics, is the speed with which he has become a fixed and recognizable point of reference. Those who have seen even one Pinter play know what is meant by the "Pinter quality," whether they like it or not. In fact, one proof of his validity is that (like Beckett, like Ionesco) one need not like his plays in order to perceive his artistic *raison d'être*. One can say, with both truth and amusement, that "liking" a work has become a secondary criterion with much modern art. Pinter has quite evidently touched a contemporary nerve, but, more important, he has arisen like an urban Anglo-Jewish genie from a subconscious cavern in our society, simultaneously expressing and creating certain mysteries.

The Guest is the first film made from a play of his – the best-known play, *The Caretaker*. It is a fascinating, funny, eerie film, a work of murky evocations boiling out of grubby naturalistic minutiae. That is, of course, the Pinter method, but in this film we are seeing that method used at its best so far. This is not the usual – or unusual – good film version of a play, in which the problems imposed by the second medium have been "licked." One feels that, at last, the work has been fully revealed. Much of Pinter's writing has been done for radio and television and then reproduced on the stage. His plays show the (largely beneficial) marks of this. *The Caretaker* was written directly for the stage but now flowers in a *closer* form where the smallest subleties of expression can buttress his naturalistic mode, where magnified presence can lend greater implications to silences and hints and physical objects, where the skillful placement and shifting of the audience by camera movement and angle can underscore his intent to draw us into confined areas, literally and figuratively. Even the elimination of mechanical conventions like the act-break and the intermission helps; for those conventions have bred pat expectations in us – of the act "curtain," of progressive ascents of plot slopes,

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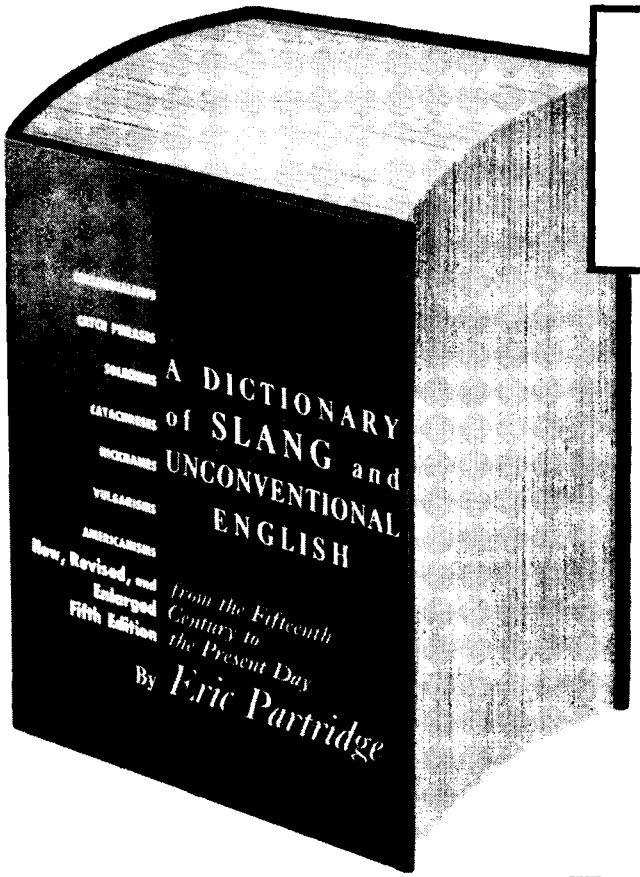

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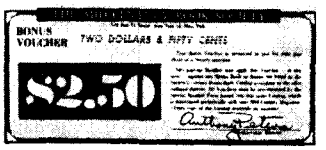

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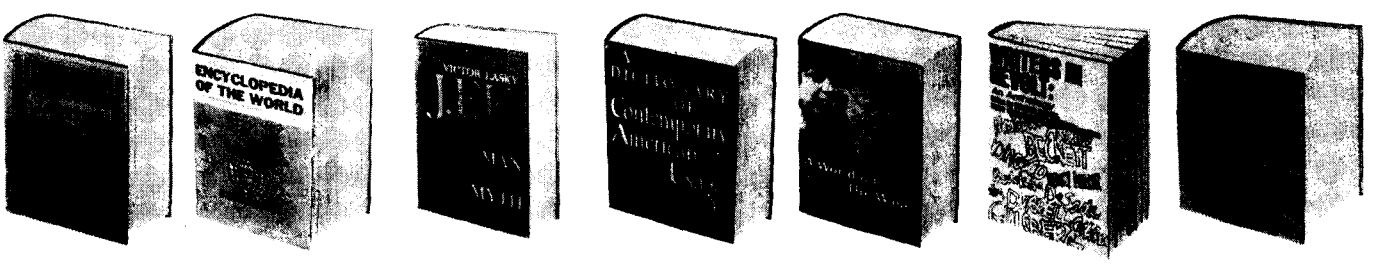

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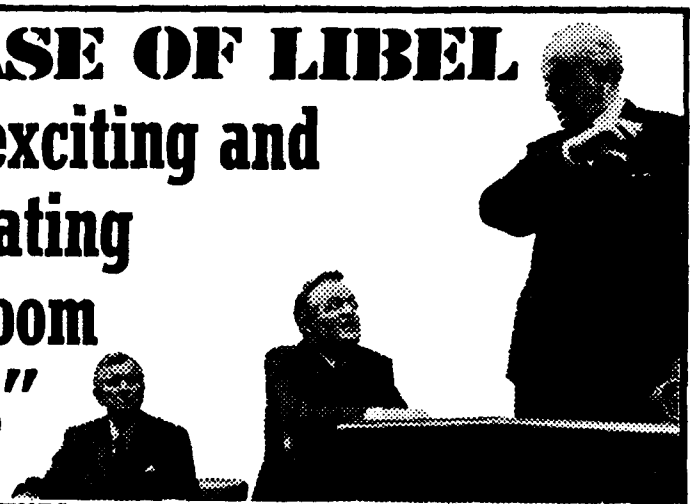

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which *The Caretaker* does not fulfill nor try to fulfill. On film it becomes a flowing, engulfing, sometimes rightly claustrophobic work: slightly condensed but fully realized.

The events of the story are so simple that they are difficult to describe meaningfully. Aston, a reticent man, lives alone in a top-floor cluttered room of a small abandoned house in a poor London district. He befriends and takes in an old derelict who has been fired from a menial job in a café: in time Aston offers him a job as caretaker of the house. Aston's brother, Mick – a taunting quasi-sadist – harries the derelict when his brother is away, countermanding his orders. Eventually Aston, himself irritated by the cantankerous old man, puts him out. It is obviously thin plot material and such material is usually used by a good writer because he means to concentrate on plumbing depths of character. But virtually everything we know about these three people is revealed fairly early. After the first third or so, almost the only new important character facet is that Aston has been in a mental hospital and has had shock treatment. Nor can I believe in any of the various symbolic programs that have been drawn from the play: Marxist, Freudian, Existential, Christian. Heavy allegorical weather has been made out of the fact that the derelict talks about getting down to Sidcup, a suburb, where his "things" are, including the papers that will prove who he is; and of Aston's frequent references to the shed he plans to build in the garden. Any attempt to define a *schema* in the play is futile, because I do not think it is a planned work in anything like the usual sense.

Pinter's method, I believe – which explains why small incidents or story organisms can serve him – is a kind of automatic writing, filtered through a temperament, a view of the world, and dominant needs and hopes: guided by technical skills and refined by talent. But basically the skills and talent are following a skein through forests of experience and memory. Obviously, in a large sense, that is what always happens in creative writing, but here it occurs in a much narrower sense.

In Greenwich Village in the thirties

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lived a famous character named Joe Gould, who was setting down *An Oral History of the World* – hundreds of notebooks in which he had for years written everything he heard everywhere. That was pathology. Pinter's work is art but, essentially, it is Joe Gould marvelously distilled. Pinter's plays are *overheard*: snatches of conversations in pubs, on buses, in the streets: with the extra intensity that such sudden snatches have, with the frequent paradoxes of diction (the derelict's language is as formal as it is vernacular and vulgar), with the poignant questions raised by the fragment heard in a doorway as we pass. (What did she mean? Who *are* they? *Why* won't he go to Aunt Minnie's? Our own lives keep hurrying us past before we ever get the answers.) Pinter stitches the fragments together into a fabric full and thick enough to convert wispy pathos into central mystery. Thus his patchwork quilt of conversational tags, knitted both by his subconscious and his compassion, spells out grave questions: Who are we? Today, that is. And why?

It is much more stream of memory than so-called stream of consciousness: Pinter seems not to be mining his own life. Once he invents or remembers an initial situation, he then (I believe) lets his characters tell him about themselves. For example, I doubt that he planned Aston's shock treatment from the beginning; it occured to him, and it seemed to fit and enrich. Always *The Caretaker* is teased with humor, but as Pinter has written, it is "funny up to a point. Beyond that point it ceases to be funny, and it was because of that point that I wrote it."

When we admire him, we are really admiring his ability to look into a crystal ball of the humdrum and see, not the future or past, but the fantasy-cum-dread that runs parallel to the present reality. The danger of his style and temperament is repititiousness. So far, his plays have struck generally similar notes. But he is now only 34. The "Pinter play" has, as I have said, filled an evidently felt need, but that need is now, I should say, well filled. I hope that the Pinter of 40 or 50 or 70 will have found other resonances to sound in himself and in society, and perhaps even quite different techniques.

I have left scant room to praise the performances and direction, which merit much praising. The three actors of the original production are, like the play itself, even better in the film: Robert Shaw, Alan Bates, the younger brother, Donald Pleasence, who has the part of his life as the derelict and is, to put it in one pale word, perfect. As for Clive Donner, I hope that in the present craze for flash and filigree in direction, his quiet imagination, excellent perceptions, fine control will not be overlooked.

Daniel Talbot and Emile De Antonio have had one of those ideas so obvious that no one thought of it before them; they have acquired the television kinescopes of the lengthy Army-McCarthy hearings in 1954 and have edited them into a 97-minute film. The condensation is relentlessly gripping; no more "anti-McCarthy" than McCarthy himself was in those hearings; and a frightening reminder that these events occurred on this very planet less than ten years ago. McCarthy's power was created by one mass medium, the press; he sold more papers because bad news always sells best and he fed the hate-hungry. He was destroyed by another mass medium, television, the same way that other hollow heroes of the medium are destroyed: over-exposure. I would not myself read any grand democratic assurances into his downfall – that sooner or later the truth triumphs, and so on. I think he was simply on camera long enough to be plentifully and egotistically stupid (the attack on Welch's young assistant, the cropped photo, the phony letter supposedly from J. Edgar Hoover). If the hearings had been shorter so that he could not get camera-drunk and overconfident, he might have prevailed.

In any event *Point of Order* is a chilling, extremely valuable *précis*

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Hilary Corke *is a British poet and critic.* Charles Burton Marshall *is the author of* The Limits of Foreign Policy.

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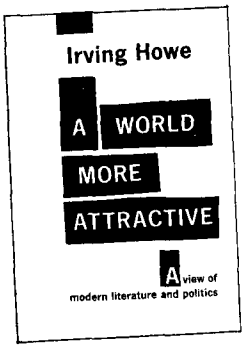

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which makes clear enough why he rose, why he fell. (He did not, by the way, crumble under Welch's "at long last" speech; it was the after-effects on the public that undid him, not the moving assault itself.)

My own favorite moments: McCarthy chuckling salaciously and touching his brow in thanks when someone off-camera suggests that he may be the next President; Roy Cohn, unluckily seated some distance from McCarthy at the moment, flicking his eyes to heaven in despair as the Senator starts his attack on Welch's assistant.

One additional note. If you have children of fifteen or so, take them to the film and get an extra dividend of pleasure from the necessity to explain who McCarthy was.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

"IT IS CURIOUS *that our ideologues do not reflect more often on the examples in our time, wherein the executive has won his 'liberation from the paralyzing grip of the representative assembly.' There is no paralysis in Moscow, nor was there in Berlin for a decade or so after 1933. No 'scandalous lag in legislation' has bothered* Pravda. *Stalin and Hitler, Khrushchev and Mao: no cobwebs in their legislative halls, not even in the very darkest corners.*"

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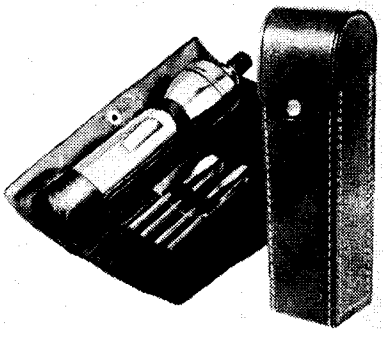

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Correspondence

Our Baby

Sirs:

In your January 4 issue, TRB concludes an item on the broadcasting network of the crackpot right: "They are the kind of programs . . . that the brooding Oswalds of the left or right wing listen to and sometimes act on." I admire the column – it's the first thing I turn to – for its brevity of style, solidity of research and almost cynical honesty. The last quality seems lacking in this conclusion; the awkward thing for liberals about Oswald was that he was a crackpot leftist – it now appears he *did* take an unsuccessful shot at General Taylor.

There may be "brooding Oswalds" of the right but so far they have not taken action, which, as an old-fashioned believer in the Bill of Rights, I think is the important thing. The only Oswald we have had was of the left and I think there's enough to criticise in the broadcasting activities of Messrs. Hunt, Hargis, *et al.*, without smearing them with the Dallas horror. That's what we Trotskyists in the thirties used to call "an amalgam" and a dirty word it was. I agree it was a great pity that the assassin turned out to be not a lunatic Birchite, as we all assumed in that first hour of shock, but a lunatic "Marxist." But such was the fact. Oswald is our baby, not theirs.

Dwight Macdonald
New York, N.Y.

Presidential Succession

Sirs:

I would like to thank you for the very fair and generally favorable treatment you gave my proposals on the question of Presidential succession in your January 4 issue. In the past month and a half, your comments on the problem of succession have made an important contribution to the current debate on this vital matter.

As you pointed out, my proposal is intended to serve as a starting point for hearings, and I am not unyieldingly wedded to any specific provisions

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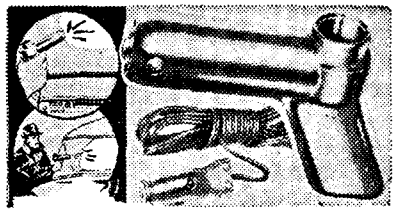
of it. I would, however, like to comment on two criticisms of the amendment which were made in your note. In the first place, I am not convinced that the problem of succession can effectively and properly be dealt with by statute rather than Constitutional amendment. I agree with you that the sooner we act on this problem, the better, and I do not argue that the line of succession could not be changed by statute – quite plainly, it can. But, the major purpose of my proposal is to provide for the selection of a new Vice President so that the country will always have a Vice President. This cuts to the very heart of our constitutional system. I do not believe that Congress has the power under the Constitution to appoint a Vice President by law, and thus the amendment route is required. Furthermore, the amendment process is desirable by virtue of its very inflexibility. It is time the succession law was safely ensconced in the Constitution and thus isolated from the considerations of passion and personality that have so often motivated changes in the past.

Your proposal requiring the President to submit a slate of nominees to the Congress is worthy of full consideration. However, this plan could seriously jeopardize the delicate balance between the legislative and executive branches that our system demands. As *The New Republic* has so frequently and effectively pointed out, the President and Congress represent different constituencies, and have different political commitments. Congress has enough power to frustrate Presidential programs without giving it the power to choose his successor. It is legitimate to give Congress a veto; but we must also realize that no President is ever completely free in his appointment policies. To tie his choices too closely to the will of Congress could seriously alter the locus of executive power and dampen the vigor of our system. A Vice President who cannot work closely with the Chief Executive is of little or no value to our country.

Your comments and criticisms are most thought-provoking, and I hope that you will continue to manifest a strong interest in this important question.

Birch Bayh
United States Senate



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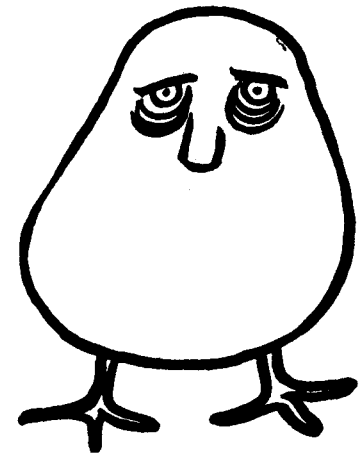

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